The California Catholic

FOR FAITH AND FATHERLAND

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OUR UNPARALLELED OFFER.

Elegant Offerings for our Subscribers.

LIKENESS OF OUR SAVIOR.

Enlarged Portraits at prices which place them within reach of all. A Map of Ireland.

In our last issue we promised to give our readers the details of of the grandest premium offer ever made by a Catholic newspaper, and now we intend to redeem our promise. Every preparation has been made for the prompt fulfillment of orders as received, and subscribers will experience no unnecessary delay in the execution of their orders.

Every one recognizes the beauty of handsome pictures. Ordinarily those given by newspapers are only cheap daubs. Those offered by the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC are artistic creations worthy of a place in the humblest home, or the most elaborate mansion.

Offer No. 1, consists of a picture, size 16 by 20 inches, in a solid oak frame and handsome passe-partout, entitled a "True Likeness of Our Saviour".

The original picture from which this was made has quite a history. During the reign of the Emperor, Tiberius Ceasar, in Rome he caused to be engraved on an immense emerald, a true likeness of our Lord. This emerald afterwards came into possession of the Emperor of the Turks, who gave it out of the treasury of Constantinople to Pope Innocent VIII, for the redemption of his brother taken captive by the Christians. The emerald has ever since reposed among the treasures of the Vatican.

A gentleman of this city, through a friend who has recently returned with the Lourdes pilgrims from Rome, sent him a photograph of the picture in the Vatican, and he has kindly placed it in the hands of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC for the benefit of the subscribers of the paper. This has been reproduced in crayon and the beauty of the picture surpasses anything that can be said in its favor. Besides being an ornament, its intrinsic value, and the associations that cluster around the original, give it a historical and religious interest. As the picture stands framed, and offered exclusively to subscribers to this paper, it could not be duplicated in any store in the State for less than $25.

Yet in order to place it within the reach of all, it is offered, framed as noted above, and boxed ready shipment, at the very low price of $4.65. (less than one-fifth its value) including one year's subscription to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. As this picture can only be obtained by those who are subscribers and the offer is limited to a small number, it would be well for our readers to avail themselves of the earliest possible opportunity to obtain a picture.

For our second ofler, to those who remit $1.50 for one year's subscription, and 10 cents to pay postage and packing, we will present a pictorial map of Ireland, mounted on rollers ready for hanging. In size it is 2½ by 4 feet, and is printed in twelve colors.

The retail value of the map which is absolutely given away to subscribers of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is $1.50. It is embellished with portraits of Parnell, Davitt, O'Connell and Emmett. The map is divided into counties and provinces, gives every town and post-office, lake, bay and river and is beautifully and clearly printed. An explanatory index accompanies it, so that the location of any point of interest can be easily found without the least trouble.

Our third offer cannot be excelled. The desire for enlarged portraits of members of families and friends is universal. While cabinet pictures and tin-types give an idea of one's features, still the enlarged three-quarter life size is the most famed and pleasing style. When one of these pictures is executed by an artist, and by a process which brings out in bold relief, all the lineaments of the countenance, it becomes a household treasure. The class of work done by the artists for this paper has received the highest enconiums. Hitherto the price has precluded many families from even thinking of having a picture enlarged. Ordinarily the price is in the neighborhood of $10, and the picture at the price is not of the best. Yet at one-tenth of that price, we offer you a superior picture, which we guarantee to give entire satisfaction, or refund you your money. Our offer is even better than that.

For $1.00 and one coupon cut from any issue of the paper, we agree to execute for you, one of there latest style portraits, finished in the highest quality of the art. It is seventeen inches long and fourteen inches wide, guaranteed satisfactory in every particular. In addition to this we agree to send you this paper for three months without extra charge, thus making the cost to you of this magnificent picture, only 60 cents.

In sending pictures for enlargement be sure to write your name and address on the back of the picture and also on the envelope in which it is contained. In your order, if a few general directions are given as to the color of hair, eyes, etc., it will greatly assist the artist in producing a true likeness. All pictures will be returned with the enlargement. Remember we guarantee satisfaction in every particular. This is considered the greatest offer ever made by any newspaper.

Remittances must accompany each order. The extremely low price at which the elegant premiums are offered, which in each instance includes a subscription to the paper, make everything other than a cash business out of the question. Premiums are on exhibition at our office, Room 10 Montgomery Block, cor. Merchant and Montgomery streets, where any information may be had.

The time during which this offer is open is necessarily limited. What more elegant a Christmas present, than a handsomely enlarged portrait of father or mother, brother or sister, or any loved one in the family?

The Highest Cross in America.

The Two Republics (Mexico) notes the erection on the summit of Mt. Orizaba, or, as the Mexicans call it Citlalitepell (Star mountain), of an iron cross seven yards high in place of the wooden one, erected there a long while ago. The Two Republics asserts that this cross is the highest one in America. It has been supposed, it says, that the volcano Mistes, in Guatemala, was higher than Orizaba, but recent measurements make it appear that the latter mountain is the highest one north of the isthmus of Panama, and it is the highest one on the western continent on which a cross has been erected. Probably it is the highest one in the world.

Give according to thy means or God will make thy means according to thy giving.

If thou durst pass by thy neighbor here, he will lie in thy path when thou passest over to the gate of heaven.

THE POPE AND KING.

Analysis of Relations between Quirnal and Vatican.

HUMBERT HOPES FOR PEACE.

Concissions Necessary to a Reconciliation. Study of an Interesting Situation.

As you stand beside the great stone Roman horses which adjoin the Quirinal and look down from the heights which have seen so much history, so much strife, so much pageantry, you see before you, in the sunny distance, the huge dome of Michael Angelo, and near it the vast, rambling structure of the Vatican.

Between the rival homes of King and Pope lies modern Rome, with all its faults and virtues, its smallness snd its greatness, its shams and its glories.

For upward of a quarter of a century a gulf has yawned between those palaces—a gulf that is material and political.

The King, with all his power, has not been able to fill up that gulf. The Pope, with ali his dignity, declined to let the gulf be filled.

As though to mark the difference which divides the "Blacks" and "Whites" of Rome, about midway between the Quirinal and the Vatican there stands the yellow belfry of the Italian Parliament House.

It typifies the cause of modern Italy, its mock prosperity, its piteous misery, its weakness and its strength. It has resounded with the eloquence of patriots, it has heard echoes of dark scandals, it has seen tumult and disturbance and it has rung with the fierce cries of clashing factions.

WORKING FOR PEACE.

For seven and twenty years—since the Italians battered down the massive walls near the old Porta Pia—earnest men and noble women of all parties have been dreaming a grand dream. They have been wondering how to heal the mighty breach between the victors and the vanquished; how to make the "Blacks" forgive the conquering "Whites;" how to build up a new and homogeneous Italy out of the broken Temporal Papacy and the still shaky framework of the infant monarchy. Until now, however, all their well-meant efforts have been fruitless.

Shutting himself up in the Vatican, the Pope has kept to his non possumus. He has not recognized the right of might, the fatality of history, the force of the new national idea which has united Germany, revived Bulgaria, Servia and Romania, and paved the way, perhaps, for the creation of an independent Norway.

Several times since 1870 there have been resolute attempts to effect the reconciliation without which it was perceived young Italy could not be safe from perils of foreign jealousy, militant socialism and armed anarchism.

In 1877, they say (with what truth no one can tell surely), Leo XIII, who had just succeeded Pope Pius, longed for some arrangement with the Italian Government.

If he did, however, reasons of state outweighed his private wish. The Roman people who had gathered before the balcony of St. Peter's waiting for the blessing urbi et orbi, which would have told them that the new Pope had put away his predecessor's policy of no compromise, were disappointed. No Pope appeared at the balcony, and until 1883 there was no further talk of reconciliation. About the end of 1883, though, it was once more known that the prominent persons in thc rival camps were scheming patiently for peace.

WHAT THE KING DESIRES.

The King himself one day told me in the Quirinal, at a private audience which I was fortunate enough to obtain of him, that he deplored the existence of the barriers which prevented him from "going to the Vatican," and assured me that he would be happy if the Pope would waive his enmity and come out into Rome. Queen Margaret had always longed for an honorable reunion with the Papacy. There were lesser lights, too, ecclesiastics and laymen, who came and went mysteriously between the Quirinal and the Vatican, seeking the modus vivendi which would end discusston and enable the Pope to authorize the great mass of Italian Catholics to take part in the national elections, from which they had been told to hold aloof

The influence of the Ultramontanes on one side and of the Radicals on the other defeated the plans of the "Greys," as the apostles or the reconciliation were called. The Church desired too much. The State would grant too little.

Flushed with its apparant triumph, preud of its great navy, trustful in its alliances, the monarchy declined to take the first step toward the solution of the Roman question. Negotiations were abandoned.

In these days Sig. Crispi, who had not yet been saddled with the responsibility cf the Premiership, was one of those who protested most firmly against the concessions to Pope.

FRESH EFFORTS TO UNITE.

A few years after the abortion of the most serious movement that has yet been seen in the direction of a reconciliation, another but a more faint-hearted attempt, was made.

Yielding to the advice of certain counselors, the Pope consented to allow Italian Catholics to vote at municipal elections. The "Blacks" won several sweeping victories, which led to somewhat premature rejoicing. Cardinal Capecelatro, Archbishop of Capua; Mgr. Galimberti (then Nuncia to Vienna); Mgr. Domencio Jacobini, the intelligent and hard worked Secretary of the Propaganda, and other dignitaries are believed to have been identified with this phrase of the question.

Tne late Cardinal Alimonda, Archbishop of Turin, who enjoyed the confidence cf the Pope and the friendship of King Humbert and Queen Margeret, escaped the general fate of his brother dignitaries.

Cardinal Alimonda is dead now.

Within the past few weeks, cr months, it seems, fresh hopes of reconciliation have sprung up in Rome.

Until recently, Sig. Crispi, (who had now, and for the second time, been summoned to the helm cf State) stuck to his guns, proclaimed his irrevocable decision not to make concessions to the Church, and declared that reconciliatfon must remain a dream—unless the Vacitan submitted absolutely to the monarchy.

On three or four occasions—in 1883, in 1884, and in the past eighteen months—Sig. Crispi has expressed these views to me.

CRISPI AND CHRISTIANITY.

It is that Sig. Crispi, abjuring past professions, has made veiled overtures toward the Church.

The outward symptoms of this rumored change of front are to be found in his speech at Naples.

Sig. Crispi, while not admitting the temporal authority of the Church, not affected to be a Catholic, and not long ago informed me emphatically that he was "a Christian." None the less he has been closely linked with what the Roman Catholics of Rome, and what the Pope especially, consider the most hateful of all powers that strive against the Catholic faith—Freemasonary. He has been guided, if he has not been literally ruled, by Sig. Lemmi, the head of the Italian Masons, who is certainly no Catholic. And it must have been with feelinge of disgust that Sig. Lemmi read that Naples speech last week in which he raised the cry of "God and King and Country."

On the other hand, in exchange for the consent of the State to the installment of Cardinal Sarto as Patriarch of Venice, the Vatican has agreed to the appointment of an ecclesiastical Vicar-Apostolic in Northeastern Africa. The Premier is known to have the deepest interest in the extension of the African colonies, and is doubtless grateful for anything that may help Italy to spread her influence on the shores of the Red Sea.

Hardly less significant than Crispi's changed attitude are the important discourses of Cardinal Sarto (who the other day is said to have publicly rejoiced at the prospect of a union between Church and State) and of Cardinal San Felice, the mild and popular Archibishop of Naples, who, more guardedly, held out the olive branch to King Humbert.

Cardinal San Felice, although not a man of great political eminence, has won the reverence of the Italians by his heroism during the cholera in Naples. King Humbert showed pluck and courage, too, some years ago, at a subsequent outbreak of the plague in the city, and in his recent speech the Cardinal recalled this fact.

What could be the basis of a reconciliation?

The cession to the Pope of a strip of territory reaching from the Vatican to Civita Vecchia, the payment of an annual Papal civil list, and the recognition by the Pope of the Italian monarchy have been suggested by many as the best grounds of settlement. But it may be that the Pope would not insist on any more than the supreme control of the so-called Leonine City, the right bank of the Tiber, an international guarantee of his authority, and the allowance of a fixed annual revenue.—[Meltzer, in Post Dispatch.

The Death of De Rossi.

The death of Giovanni Battista De Rossi at Rome removed an archaeologist who, more than any other man, perhaps, made known to the world the true character of the Roman catacombs. Commendator Rossi has long been a prominent and honored individual in the Eternal City, and his explorations in subterranean Rome were productive of many important discoveries, all of them tending to confirm the records and traditions of the Church regarding the doctrines and practices of early church as shown in acts and deaths of the early Christian martyrs, the remains of so many of whom were piously placed by their survivors in the catacombs. His arthological discoveries prove the invocation of Saints, prayers for the dead, and the Sacrifice of a Mass, to have been the same in the first century, as it is in the nineteenth century.

For one soul saved by scolding and fault finding, ten are saved by sweetness. For one soul saved by fear of hell, ten are saved by the thought of the love of God. A gentle voice and a smiling face make religion beautiful to the miserable and the sinful, whereas gloomy looks and a harsh or condesending manner makes religion seem a thing to be avoided. Do you wish to draw souls to God? Then let your souls reflect His love. Be gentle, be patient. Practical people may condemn you, but only thus can you imitate Jesus.—Miriam.

New English Saints.

Nine martyrs of the Reformation in England will shortly be beatified. They are three Parliamentary Abbots of the order of St. Benedict, and four priests of the same order. The other two are Thomas Percy, Earl of Northunberland, and Sir Adrian Fortescue, Knight of Jerusalem. Doubtless this movement on the part of the Church will aid considerably in bringing about the ultimate conversion of England. When fervent and patriotic Catholics invoke such powerful ones, they will in turn interest themselves deeply in the cause of tne nation. The beatification would have taken place before this had it not been that the cases were incomplete.

Statue of Pope Leo.

The sculptor Cavalier Guiseppi Luchetti has just finished the fifth statue, four metres high, of Pope Leo XIII. They were a commission from the American Duke Loubat, who has now gone to New York and will be back in Rome next spring. The first statue was for the Propaganda Fidei, the second for the Catholic University in Washington, the third for the Duomo at Carpineto, the birthplace of the Pope; the fourth for the Cathedral of Perigua, and the last one for the Monastrey of the Benedictines, on Mount Aventine, which is almost finished. For this monastery, which will be a monumental construction, the Pope has given 1,600,000 lire and the same amount has been contributed by the monks.

Rev. Jesse Locks, who was recently admitted to the Catholic church after years of service in the Episcopal church acted recently as sponsor to Percival Hudson, who was received into the faith by Rev. E. P. Spillane, S. J., at St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York. Rev. Mr. Clapp, another recent convert, also assisted.

In the late storm Rev. U. Raskiewiez, pastor at Otis, Ind., had a narrow escape from death by lightning. The bolt entered the priest's bed-room, shivered the bed he was sleeping on into splinters and tearing plastering from the walls. The sleeping man was covered with debris, but escaped injury.

The statue of Cardinal Newman, that was refused a place in Oxford, will be placed in front of the buildings of the London Oratory. It will be of white Campanella marble, under a canopy of Portland stone. It will cost when complete about $10,000.

M. Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, the distinguished French statesman of a by-gone day, who is in marvelous mental and physical health at the age of 90 years, says: "If you want be old, work always and diligently.

The great Irish eccliastical training school of Maynooth has recentgiven two more members to the Episcopate of Ireland—the Rt. Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Cloyne; and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Owens, Bishop of Clogher.

A bust of Herod the Great, believed to be authentic, was recently discovered at Jerusalem. It was bought by the Russian Govenment for the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg.

Miss Meltier, a member of the sect of the Waldenses, has, says the Sicilia Cattolica, been converted and received into the Church by his eminence Cardinal Celsia.

The encyclical addressed to the American bishops, which it was recently announced the Pope was about to issue, will not appear until November.

He who hath not forgiven an enemy has never yet tasted one the most sublime enjoyments o life.—Lavater.

PLAYING THE BUNKO.

AN EXAMPLE SHOWING HOW EASILY THE GAME CAN BE WORKED.

Mr. Sparks of Chicago Introduces Himself to Mr. Walker of Binghamville, and They Have a Friendly Chat—Persons and Matters of Mutual Interest.

"It isn't a difficult thing to be a bunko steerer," said the man in the hotel lobby to a reporter. "Do you see that clean looking old man over there on the settee? Well, that's Mr. Walker from Binghamville. I heard a man call him by name and inquire about all the folks down at Binghamville. I don't know whether Binghamville is in this state or Kentucky or Texas. Don't believe I ever heard of it before, but I can go over there and make him think I know the town like a book. That doesn't signify that he's green or that I'm particularly clever, but it's a fact nevertheless."

"What if he begins to ask you questions?"

"I'll get out the best way I can. Now, you go and sit in that chair just beyond the big settee, and you can hear the conversation."

"All right. I'll do it, but you'll get yourself into trouble."

"Do you think so? I'll simply sit down beside him, and we'll have a nice chat about old times."

"I beg your pardon, but isn't this Mr. Walker?"

"That's my name, but you've got the best of me."

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken. My name is Sparks. I live here in Chicago. It's been a good many years since I was at Binghamville."

"I expect you would hardly know the place. We've made a great many changes in the last two years. We've just built a new schoolhouse."

"You needed one, sure enough. What did they do with the old one?"

"Tore it down. It wasn't any account. You recollect the hay barn that stood a little ways east from the old schoolhouse? Well, that burned this summer."

"You don't say so! Let's see, who owned that?"

"Old man Martin. He baled a lot of hay in that place."

"That's so. I remember now. The last time I was in Binghamville I stopped over a couple of days with the Smiths."

"Sylvester Smith, that owned the general store?"

"Yes. He was a nice man."

"He's all right if you know him. Kind o' queer at times."

"I noticed that. However, I always got along well enough with him."

"He had a nice family."

"Indeed he had. What are the children doing?"

"You know the oldest girl was married?"

"Yes. I received an invitation to her wedding. How about the others?"

"I guess they're all at home but Jim. He's away to school most of the time."

"By the way, I became acquainted there with a mighty nice fellow. He runs a drug store. I guess you know who I mean."

"Homer Temple?"

"That's the man. He liked to hear a good story as well as any man I ever met."

"Yes, Homer will have his fun. I s'pose you heard of the scrape he got in?"

"I heard something about it, but never got the particulars."

"He got chasing around after a widow over in Brampton, and his wife left him for awhile, but she's back now."

"That's good. Are you going to have a pretty good fair down there this year?"

"The fair's over at Millicent."

"Yes, I know. I'll never forget the time I drove over there with Charlie. We started early"——

"You mean Charlie Henderson?"

"Yes."

"Oh, he was a great hand to go to the fairs. He stays at home more since he got married. You know he married one of the Jenkins girls."

"I guess she's a pretty nice girl."

"She is that. You remember the old man's place on the Brampton pike?"

"Been past it many a time. He owns considerable land out there, doesn't he?"

"About 800 acres. He traded some of it for town property."

"Humph! He's foolish to do that. From what I know of that country I'd keep all the good farm land I could get."

"That's where you're level headed, too," said Mr. Walker, placing his hand confidentially on the other's. "That land all through there is bound to increase in value, and we can get a crop there when they can't get it anywhere else."

"I told Sylvester Smith the same thing. A man that's got a good farm down in that country is fixed."

"You're right. You're right. I wish you could get down in that country and see it this year."

"I would like to drop down that way, but I'm kept pretty busy up here. However, I want you to give my regards to all my friends down there and tell them I'm behaving myself."

"That's saying a good deal for a man that lives in Chicago."

"That's a fact. Well, I will bid you goodby, Mr. Walker. Glad to have seen you again."

"Thank you. Same to you. Drop in and see me whenever you get to Binghamville."

"Same old place?"

"Same old place."

"Good day."

"Good day."

Mr. Sparks rejoined his friend at the cigar counter. "Don't you see?" said he. "I didn't take any risks, and yet he'd make an affidavit that I knew all about the town. I think I could go over and borrow money of him."—Chicago Record.

Wear a smile. It is cooler in summer and warmer in winter than a frown.

A FULL COURSE DINNER.

The Feast to Which the Old Man Was Enabled to Invite His Comrade.

"A Full Course Dinner, 13 Cents," is the most conspicuous sign on the front of that famous Park row restaurant known to all trampdom in particular and the public in general as "The Boss Tweed." As the patrons of the establishment are not bothered by superstition, or at least not in a sufficient measure to clash with their appreciation of such a generous offer as a "full course" dinner for 13 cents, the meal in question is a vastly popular one among the restaurant's habitues. Into the "Boss Tweed" one evening shortly after dusk there entered an individual of surpassing shabbiness of raiment, but who was both dignified and handsome. He was a tall man, past middle age and carried himself with the air of an old soldier who is proud of his record. In appearance he was a shabby and time-worn edition of that type of cavalryman one sees in pictures of the first Napoleon's campaigns, for his iron gray mustache bristled fiercely, and he wore an imperial on his chin. He was pale, but his eyes were bright, and above them were shaggy eyebrows almost as heavy in texture as his mustache. The old chap approached the cashier's counter and said, "May I ask you to inform me what your dinner for 13 cents consists of?" "Yes, sir," replied the cashier. "You get soup, fish, roast, two vegetables, bread and butter, a cut of pie and a cup of coffee."

"Ah-h-h-h — ah-h-h-h, h-m-m-m! Most generous, I'm sure," said the old fellow slowly, nodding his head in confirmation of his words, and then he leaned over the counter, and in a lower tone added: "I have asked a gentleman to dine with me this evening. Might I inquire if you could arrange so as to let me have two dinners for a quarter?" The cashier, a kindly man, who is perforce kept perpetually on the qui vive lest he be cheated, glanced at his questioner sharply, as if he suspected he was being chaffed, but he saw in an instant that the query was genuine, and he appreciated the situation. "With pleasure, sir," he said, and going to the door the old fellow signaled to a still more ragged companion, who was waiting without, and the two proceeded forthwith to dine.—New York Mail and Express.

NAPOLEON SMASHED THE VASE.

He Had a Forcible Way of Arguing That Was Entirely Convincing.

Early in April, 1797, the people of Austria demanded peace with France. Negotiations were begun in the vicinity of Leoben. Bonaparte, in an interview with the Austrian plenipotentiaries, said to them, "Your government has sent against me four armies without generals, and this time a general without an army." In the treaty which the Austrian commissioners projected the first article stipulated that the emperor of Austria thereby recognized the French republic. "Erase it!" exclaimed Napoleon. "The existence of the republic is as plain as the sun. This article is only fit for the blind. We are our own masters and shall establish any government we prefer. If one day the French people," he continued, "should wish to create a monarchy, the emperor might object that he had recognized a republic." The preliminaries were soon settled, Napoleon signing for France, thus placing himself on an equal footing with the emperor of Austria. The formal treaty known as Campo Formio was signed in October, 1797, Austria fulfilling the pledges she had already given. The Austrian plenipotentiary protested against the distribution of the provinces beyond the Adige. Napoleon was angered at this, and seizing a vase dashed it to the ground, exclaiming, "If it is not so arranged, I will break your monarchy as I have broken this vase!" This argument of force, as demonstrated to the diplomat, was convincing, and the treaty was signed.—Exchange.

Quaint Old Time Will.

R. W. Amsden, a Brockton police officer, has in his possession a printed copy of the will of Joseph Porter, made in East Stoughton (now Avon) on Feb. 16, 1802. Mr. Porter was born in 1730 and died in 1803. The most interesting part of the will is that relating to what he left his wife, Elizabeth, as follows:

"The easterly end or half of my new dwelling house, and so much of the cellar as is necessary for her use; also one-half of the buttery in the other part of the house, and the privilege of the oven, well, dooryard, etc., during her natural life; also the improvement of one good cow, which is to be kept on my farm for her use during her natural life; also one good yearling hog, well fatted, yearly, and nine bushels of Indian corn and three bushels of rye, a sufficiency of wood to keep one fire, cut up fit for the hearth," etc.

To his son Joseph he gave, with other property, "my horse for the purpose of helping his mother to meeting on the Lord's day as often as she is able and inclined."—Boston Globe.

She Was Very Cautious.

"Did Miss Chilton give you any encouragement when you proposed to her?"

"Not a great deal. I used every argument. I even went so far as to assure her of my ability to support her in the style to which she had been accustomed."

"And what did she say?"

"She said I might call around later and show her my income tax receipt."—Washington Star.

One Exception at Least.

Teacher—Give an example of the truth of the motto, "United we stand, divided we fall."

Johnny—I—I can't think of any, ma'am. I don't believe it's true anyhow.

Teacher—What? Do you know of any case in which it is not true?

Johnny—Yes'm. A stepladder.—Chicago Tribune.

General Pleasonton's Charmed Life.

The late General Augustus James Pleasonton was the older of two distinguished brothers, both of whom were born in Washington and both of whom were graduates of West Point. The older brother, who passed away at the age of 86 years, enjoyed distinction in late years chiefly because of his published writings on the subject of "the influence of the blue color of the sky in developing animal and vegetable life" and his many experiments to prove the correctness of his favorite "blue glass" theories.

The other brother, General Alfred Pleasonton, achieved even greater distinction because of his long and valuable services in the United States army. He made an excellent record in the Mexican war, was a famous Indian fighter, and in the war of the rebellion he divided honors with the greatest of the cavalry leaders. I have often heard Confederates tell interesting stories about the wonderful bravery and daring exposure of person which caused General Alf Pleasonton to be marked among the soldiers of the rebel army as having a "charmed life," because for a long time their sharpshooters found it impossible to pick him off, no matter how good their aim, and at last they virtually gave up the idea of striking him because they believed he had a "charmed life."—Concord Monitor.

Long Distance Photography.

Now that Dr. Miethe, the scientific German photographer, has invented a telescopic camera, long distanced photography, that chimera of the "dark-room," seems absolutely assured. The objective of this new photographic wonder consists of a convex lens of considerable length of focus and a concave lens of much shorter range. These glasses are placed a certain distance apart, depending on the difference of the two foci. By the laws of optics this arrangement projects an inverted image of the object for which it is set a long distance from the farther of the lenses. The apparent size of the object depends, of course, upon the space separating the two lenses, which again must be set so as to make the focus perfect. The whole apparatus looks very unlike an adjunct to a photographic gallery and is said to bear a stronger resemblance to a common telescope than it does to a camera. With this apparatus Professor Miethe and his assistants have taken fine pictures of portions of the city of Potsdam, Germany, from a distance of nearly three English miles.—St. Louis Republic.

The Great Key Trick.

I was pushing my way in a great crowd one day to an entertainment given by a celebrated conjurer when I felt somebody behind at my coat pocket. Hastily putting my hand in, I found a key there. I took it out and put it in the pocket of a friend of mine who was near.

In the course of the entertainment the conjurer was performing with a key, which he made vanish and appear again.

"There, it's gone again! There it goes! Don't you see it? It's gone into the pocket of that gentleman over there. You've got it, haven't you, sir?" and he pointed to me.

I put my hand in my pocket and said: "Oh, yes. Here it is. I feel it. It's gone again. It's gone into the pocket of that gentleman." I pointed to the man in whose pocket I had put it, and there, of course, it was found.

The conjurer came quietly to me afterward and offered me a sovereign to show him how to do the trick. Needless to say, I accepted the offer.—London Tit-Bits.

M. de Paris.

M. Deibler is not a man to be envied just now. For a long time past he has been in the receipt almost daily of anarchist threats, so that he is guarded night and day by detectives. Going down south to Pau to effect the execution of Joachim Noray, the young Spaniard who was condemned to death at the assizes of the Basses-Pyrenees for the murder of a woman named Bergeron, the executioner presented himself at the Hotel de la Poste. At first he was shown up to a bedroom, but directly he made his name known the landlord of the hotel ordered him to leave the premises. After some difficulty he succeeded in getting a lodging at a smaller house called the Hotel de Paris, where the proprietor reaped a golden harvest, it being market day and the market people crowding into the place to see the newcomer. On paying his round of official visits M. Deibler was followed by mobs wherever he went. — London News.

Wisdom of Hindoo Philosophy.

Vedanta philosophy is a philosophy of Adwaita, the nonduality of soul and matter. The Vedantins believe that there is no evil in the nature of things, but only in the way which the mind of man perverts it, and the material manifestations are but shadows of the eternal Ens clothed in name and form. The attainment of and way to this absolute bliss lies through knowledge alone, and indeed he who knows one knows all. Thought can never transcend thought, and all that we know of is thought. Names and forms are mere assumption, not separate from thought.—Journal of the Maha Bodhi Society.

Gold In Chicago's Canal.

One of the workmen on the big drainage canal which the city of Chicago is building brought to the contractor the other day a curious little fragment of stone which had been turned up in the digging. It turned out to be a bit of brown quartz and black oxide of manganese, flecked with pieces of pure gold as large as a pin's head. It was found to assay several thousand dollars to the ton. As the soil is clay, this gold could not naturally belong there, but must have been brought down by glaciers from the Lake Superior regions, where it is native.—Chicago Correspondent.

WHAT THEN?

We sit by the fireside, dear old wife and I,
Thinking and talking of days gone by,
Days so full of pleasure, and days all of pain.
But none of those days we'll see again.
We've lived, wife and I, near threescore years and ten.
The end comes—we'll pass away—what then?

Our children are scattered, some here and some there.
Some know we're living; others do not care.
We're old and feeble and only in the way,
While life's tide flows onward day by day.
When darkness comes, and we pass threescore and ten,
If friends should cast us aside, what then?
—Allen C. Browne in Brooklyn Eagle.

SHELL ANNIE.

Nobody expected General Sherman to come into Atlanta from the south.

Oh, no; in the natural course of events he must have certainly shouldered his way right straight on from the north, and accordingly the grim and grimy, frayed out fragments of Hood's Confederate army wallowed in the stifling trenches all along the vast semicircular line of outworks that faced the valley of the Chattahoochee and commanded the approaches from the Allatoona hills beyond.

But he of the eagle eye was a strategist. He wanted to cut off and coop up the gray jackets in the city, and for that reason he quietly marched the larger part of his army up the western bank of the river eight or ten miles, flung them across the river, and with a mighty swing of that ponderous trip hammer of war he struck them from the south, thus cutting off their lines of supplies by the Georgia railroad. Then followed those terrible days which wound up with the fierce onslaught of July 22, when the hopeless, half starved southern men and the gallant men of the west met in a mighty gladiatorial contest which resulted in the fall of Atlanta.

These are matters for the historian, but what I am going to recount is one of these wild, weird romances with which this terrible conflict was so fraught, and here is the strange story:

"On to the sea!" was the watchword of Sherman's armies, and the sullen and dogged retreat of the Confederates to Jonesboro was the first movement of the defeated and despairing Confederates.

Jonesboro was a little inland town, nestled amid field and forest, interspersed with beautiful undulating hills and grassy valleys green with the hope of the harvest, but little suited as a defensive point for the bruised and battered legions who were recoiling slowly toward the southern sea.

Breastworks had been hastily thrown up flanking the line of the Central railroad, and in the ditches behind them the straggling remnant of obstinate Confederates was intrenched.

It was a gloriously beautiful summer day when the skirmish line of the northern hosts debouched from the works and took up position in front of these breastworks.

Taken by surprise after relying in vain on the ability of the southern troops to check the onflow of the legions of the conquering hosts, the women and children, led by the lame and the halt and the aged men of the country, were fleeing for life, panic stricken and utterly demoralized.

As the sun rose over the swelling ridges the eyes of the soldiers of either army caught the gleam of a little white tent, half hidden in a wood, just a little to the left of the line of attack, and above it fluttered a tiny white flag no bigger than a man's hand.

It was a woman's handkerchief, and all the chivalrous feelings of the American soldier were aroused as the grim veterans caught sight of that little appealing bit of cambric floating there through the uprising mists of war. The order was passed to respect that flag, and when the great guns began their work and shot and shell were hurled blazing and crashing across field and wood from either direction never a gunner trained his piece toward a point near that little white tent.

The battle was fiercely fought, but the combat was of short duration, and as the shadows lengthened eastward the southern troops were seen in full retreat, leaving the field to the triumphant Federals.

As they swept forward a drummer boy, Otto Barden, of a Pennsylvania regiment paused by the little white tent in the wood.

Guards in blue uniform surrounded it, and while the smoke of battle swirled above and around there was a plaintive cry from the tent, and the stalwart surgeon lifted the flap of the little tent and emerged, followed by an old negress, bearing in her arms a tiny, white bundle.

"Please God, marsa, is you gwinter take us off ter de norf?" wailed she, with the big tears coursing down her withered face. "It'll sho' kill Mis' Annie ef yo' does."

"Not a bit of it, old lady, not a bit of it," replied the good natured surgeon, with a smile.

"Hello, Otto, you're the very boy I want. This is your prize, as you are nearest her age, and we are going to detail you to take charge of this wee prisoner and see that the little reb don't escape."

The rough soldiers came crowding around for a peep at the prisoner, and many eyes filled with tears of tenderness as they gazed on the baby that had first seen the light in such grewsome surroundings.

"Ain't it a wonder that she and the mother were not blown to pieces?" said the sergeant.

"It is indeed," replied the corporal, "for look there where a stray shell cut its way through the bushes, clean as a knife."

"Well, boys, she is our prize. Let us christen her, for time is up, and the Johnnies are waiting for us behind some bush heap down the road. Come, Otto, speak up. You shall have the honor of naming the little miss," said the surgeon.

"Call her Shell Annie," said the boy as his mind reverted to his own orphaned days, "because she was saved from that shell."

"Good!" cried the surgeon.

"Shell Annie!" chorused the sergeant and the corporal in a breath.

"Here, give me your canteen, Otto," said the surgeon. "Hold her head up, auntie," and sprinkling a few drops on the tiny head he continued: "Shell Annie, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and may they ever protect thee as has the God of battle today. Now, Otto, the sergeant will remain with a file of men until morning, and you may remain with them, for you look tired and worn out, my boy."

At the word of command the other soldiers took up the line of march, and faint and fainter grew the roar and rumble of the departing legions, rolling on irresistibly to match their blue billows with the blue waves of the distant sea.

* * * * * *

Twenty years after the furling of the flags the battlefield of Jonesboro was a cornfield, and the rustling rows of the crested corn hid from view the almost obliterated traces of strife. Peace and plenty reigned, and the one armed veteran of the north was hobnobbing with the peg legged veteran of the south as they laughingly recounted the experiences of the war.

Asheville had become a great resort for summer visitors from all sections on account of its quietude, its healthful air and water and its splendid scenic surroundings.

As the train slowed up at the little station a man, apparently blessed with all the activity of youth, but bearing about him that unmistakable air of maturity that indicates intimate knowledge of and rough experience with life, stepped on the platform and strolled up the hill toward the hotel.

The dusky twilight of the dying summer day softened the rugged outlines of the gloomy mountains, and the tinkle of a crystal stream made music in the thickets below.

Suddenly the stranger was startled by a wild cry, and around a turn of the road came a horse at full speed, and in the buggy, swaying to and fro at his heels, there was a flutter of white.

Springing forward and dropping his belongings, the stranger clutched the reins of the frightened animal and arrested his mad career, but the shock was so sudden that the occupant of the buggy was tossed into the bushes by the roadside.

Releasing the horse, which stood trembling with fear and excitement, the stranger gently lifted the prostrate form, and as the crowd from the hotel came rushing to the spot she opened her eyes in a dazed and startled way.

"Are you hurt much?" asked the stranger.

"No, thank you, I was only frightened. I had just got into the buggy and was going for a ride when he became frightened and ran away. Oh, how can I ever thank you?"

"Best by not mentioning it again," said the stranger brusquely, handing her his card as he resigned her to her friends and walked away.

On the following morning the stranger arose late after his fatiguing journey, and when he went down to breakfast beside his plate was a little perfumed note, and he opened it and read it, half amused and half in wonder:

MR. OTTO BARDEN—Permit me to thank you and to convey to you the grateful feelings of my friends for your brave action in rescuing me from my perilous position yesterday. As a partial recognition of your kindness, I wish to extend to you an invitation to enjoy a picnic excursion with us today. It is my birth day. Please do not fail to come. Gratefully,
ANNIE FONTAINE.

On a blank leaf from his notebook Barden wrote a line accepting the invitation and then leisurely finished his breakfast.

The day was perfect, and as the special guest of the heroine of the day he thought he had never felt quite so near at peace with himself and all mankind as he did while lounging on the green grass beneath the shadow of the tall hemlocks at the foot of the mountain with pretty Annie Fontaine.

Chatting in a desultory way, Barden suddenly recalled the day and the drama of 20 years ago.

"Do you know," said he, "that I was one of those Yanks that marched with Sherman to the sea?"

"Indeed? Why, you must have been a very youthful soldier."

"I was a drummer boy, and this day 20 years ago I was in the battle of Jonesboro."

"And so was I," said she, with a saucy smile, "for that was my birthday and the place of my nativity."

"What!" he cried, springing to his feet excitedly. "Then you are, you must be"—

"Shell Annie," she replied.

* * * * * *

There are some stories that ought to be concluded before they are begun, but this, which is as true as—yes, truer than—most history, reached its natural conclusion then and there, and the Pennsylvania drummer boy now owns one of the finest fruit farms around Jonesboro, and the mistress of that southern home is Shell Annie.—Atlanta Journal.

A "Saving" Dog.

About 1,400 anecdotes have been published under the above title, in which dogs have figured in preserving human life. We once had a dog noted for saving things, but there wasn't a life among them.

He kept the things he saved under the kitchen dresser, and his hiding place wasn't discovered for a long time—not indeed until it became necessary to tear up the kitchen floor to find a good place to deposit some chloride of lime during a cholera season; then we found what had been "saved by a dog."

There were a couple of kittens, a cat, two or three rats and a chicken—all stone dead; a large assortment of bones, the remnants of an ottoman, a couple of teaspoons, a canary bird and a nutmeg grater. It is rarely there is so much saved by a dog, for they are generally improvident.—London Tit-Bits.

THE PUZZLER

No. 238.—Ancient History.

An enigma of 47 letters.

27, 28, 2, 15, 37, the king of 6, 19, 14, 1 at the time of a famous war which lasted several years and ended in the fall of a city.

30, 7, 3, 27, 35, 18, 39, 5, the occupation of Paris, whose elopement with Helen, the wife of Menelaus, caused the war.

37, 23, 28, 37, 2, 5, 32, 33, 30, the soldiers under Achilles.

13, 35, 40, 34, 21, 20, the mother of Achilles.

There was in the city a statue of 37, 2, 10, 29, 42, 17, 43. It was said to have fallen from heaven, and the belief was that the city could not be taken so long as this statue remained within it.

9, 4, 47, 31, 20, 45, 30, and Diomedes entered the city in disguise and succeeded in obtaining the Palladium, which they carried off to the Grecian camp.

8, 44, 2, 16, a Roman poet.

12, 2, 26, 7, 11, 33, 25, 30, a Grecian prince, a favorite of Aurora.

24, 36, 46, 9, 30, identical with Baal.

41, 25, 22, 38, an Egyptian divinity, whom the Greeks considered the goddess of night.

The whole is a quotation from Virgil.

No. 239.—Double Acrostic.

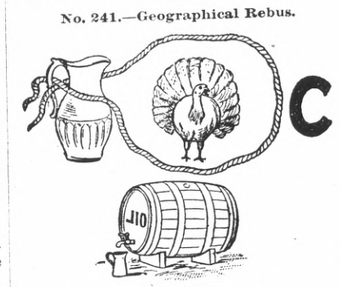
My primals and my finals each name a modern author.

Crosswords: 1. To invest with a fee or feud. 2. To come back. 3. A place of public contest. 4. The first month of the Jewish year. 5. Relating to a city. 6. Without sense or intelligence. 7. Indications. 8. A period of time. 9. One of the Bahama islands. 10. Raging. 11. Frosting. 12. A kind of flower-de-luce. 13. One of an African race. 14. A dogma. 15. A geometrical figure. 16. Farewell. 17. To fluctuate. 18. To counterfeit. 19. An emblem of peace. 20. A perch. 21. To check by fear of danger.

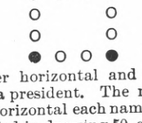
No. 240.—Numerical.

Two men adrift on the 1-2-3-4-5 in a 2-4-5-1-3, made 4-2-1-5-3 of paper in which to shake dice, but they gave up the game when they found out one dice contained 5-1-4-2-3.

No. 241.—Geographical Rebus.



No. 242.—A Border Puzzle.



The upper horizontal and left vertical each name a president. The right vertical and lower horizontal each name the general who succeeded in drawing 50 cannon on ox sleds from Ticonderoga to Cambridge, 200 miles through the wilderness. By inspecting through his spyglass these cannon mounted on Dorchester heights, General Howe became convinced that the best course would be to evacuate Boston.

No. 243.—A Proverb.

From the letters of which the following words are composed a humorous proverb may be formed: Amity. A gnat. Cloak. Oak.

No. 244.—Rhymed Transpositions.

Each blank is to be filled by a word of six letters. No two words are alike, though the same six letters, properly arranged, may be used to make the six missing words:

A country lad, by gaudy * * * * * * lured,
Came to * * * * * * and took the sergeant's shilling;
Much pain he suffered, many woes endured,
As 'prentice to the noble art of killing.
He would not * * * * * * to his friend's advice,
And so they all were * * * * * * at the last.
Death found one day the * * * * * * to his life,
And as his soul from battle's uproar passed,
"Vile coin," he cried, "that * * * * * * now my purse.
'Tis thou, base bride, deservest now my curse."

No. 245.—Shakespearean Anagrams.

1. Hard Punic Lapland. 2. Lice, my Ben. 3. Dora and Ida roamed on. 4. I, Tom Ranus Ancus. 5. To our game, O men! 6. Is clay mush? 7. Their lost pa. 8. I dust no curtains. 9. Tom riled Mary. 10. If our Moses hoped. 11. Mute address. 12. Ruth he grubbed. 13. A mole rug. 14. I grunted for a cobbler. 15. Oh—lr—in nobby Greek. 16. By both relics. 17. A hard music. 18. A foreign carpron. 19. O call pale June. 20. Or one shelf.

And Did They?

The Rev. H. Paul, on resigning his church at Ayr, preached a farewell sermon to the ladies of his congregation. His text was, "And they fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him."

A Time to Laugh.

I saw a man who drove the hearse
Grin like a fiend for full a minute.
"Why, sir," I asked, "this ill timed mirth?"
"Because," he chuckled, "I'm not in it."

It Were Better Left Unsaid.

"Will you have it medium, mild or strong?"
An ex-tobacconist did mutter
In his newly purchased grocery store
To a customer who asked for butter.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 232.—Charade: Shop-ping.

No. 233.—Pictured Diagonal: 1. Screw. 2. Sword. 3. Coins. 4. Shaft. 5. Joint. —Swift.

No. 234.—Word Squares:

E T O N	D U K E	I D E A
T O N E	U R A L	D E A R
O N C E	K A I L	E A S T
N E E D	E L L A	A R T S

No. 235.—Acrostic of Famous Women:

P L A C I D E S
H E L E N
Z E N O B I A
D I D O
H Y P A T I A
A S P A S I A
A T H E N A I S
C O R I N N A
T H A I S

No. 236.—Behead and Curtail: 1. Sketch, ketch, etch. 2. Yearn, year, yea, ye.

No. 237.—Hidden Lakes: Ladoga, Onega, Geneva, Huron, Erie.

THE GIRL IN WHITE.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF LIZZIE CLARK TWENTY YEARS AGO.

The Tragedy of a Little Illinois Town. Murder or Suicide—The Ghost That Is Seen by Hunters and River Men—It Is Always Arrayed In a White Gown.

Fully 20 years have passed since Lizzie Clark, an orphan with a heritage, disappeared from a hotel in Dallas City, Ills., as completely as if the earth had swallowed her up. In all that western country there has never been a stranger case than the disappearance of that girl, and there has never been a greater ghost mystery than has been and still is occasioned by the evidently disembodied spirit of the girl.

The story of Lizzie Clark has been county history. She was an orphan and had some property and money. A guardian had been appointed, and Lizzie, being ambitious to add to her little store, set about to work in a hotel hard by the river's edge. Through the dining room of this hotel runs the line between Hancock and Henderson counties, so that often a guest reached from Hancock into Henderson county when after butter. A country swain and his lass, if seated opposite each other at this board, are in different counties. Many a man wanted for some offense in Hancock county has sat at this table in Henderson county and grinned at the sheriff of Hancock county.

It was one afternoon about 20 years ago that Lizzie Clark, who had been washing dishes in the kitchen, stepped out into the yard of the hotel. She was seen to leave the kitchen by several working around the house, who paid no attention to the girl, but that was the last ever seen of her. Those who saw her step out into the yard heard no scream, no stifled moan, no straggling, but there are people yet living who believe that the girl was suddenly seized, strangled, concealed in the house until dark and then cast into the dark river. Be that as it may, the murderers, if they remained in the same locality long, have been amply tormented since.

It is said that the murderers did not leave the locality for some time thereafter, and yet, again, others say the girl was never murdered, but drowned herself, and that her ghost is not one of a murdered person's, but one of a suicide. All one can gain from the different stories and theories is that the girl was dealt with foully in some manner, and that her ghost still haunts the locality. Of course every effort was made to ferret out the mystery. Detectives hunted high and low, money was spent to no purpose, and finally the guardian of the girl's estate turned her money and property over to the county authorities, in whose hand it remains to this day because there is no kith or kin to claim it.

The girl's ghost was first seen in December, 1887, when a party of duck hunters were returning to Dallas City from the islands. An excursion steamer had become disabled late in the season and was lying on the bank of the island across the bay. She was in a rather bad fix. It was expected to leave her there during the winter. As the hunters neared the craft a form in white was seen to run out upon the upper deck. It was a young girl's figure, and she was evidently being pursued, for from across the water came screams, and then the following words: "Leave me alone, leave me alone, or I will drown myself!" With that the specter flung itself into the river. There was a splash, and the cold waters closed over the white body. Several times during that winter the ghost of Lizzie Clark was seen at night and at early candle light around the disabled steamer. When the steamer was taken away the next spring, workmen and steamboatmen heard pitiful screams from the willows on shore as the boat moved away. The spirit did not leave the island, and it is believed now that she was buried on the island after the murder.

Of later years, however, the girl's ghost has been seen in a skiff at night, and it was only a few evenings ago that one of the St. Louis and St. Paul fast steamers ran into the spectral thing. The pilot did not see the ghostly craft until too late. He says he saw a boat of white that looked more like floating fleece than anything else. In the boat was a young girl in white raiment, but there were blood clots on the white dress. "She was rowing swiftly. When the prow of the steamer struck this frail craft, it cut through it like mist. The ghostly occupant only laughed a sort of uncanny laugh—a half scream—and when we had passed I saw the spectral craft dancing on the waves behind. I doubt if an ordinary skiff could have lived in the waves of our steamer, right under the paddles." Thus spoke the pilot, and he is a man of few words and sterling integrity.

"Have you seen Lizzie Clark's boat?" is now the question that goes from one mouth to another during the summer season. The question is not asked so often in winter from the fact that the poor girl's spirit does not seem to roam so much. Hunters have come into Dallas shaking with fright and calling for a dram to brace their nerves, saying that while coming down from the islands above on the ice they had met Lizzie Clark walking rapidly toward them. She always wears that white dress, and the blood stains on the neck are plain. The girl's eyes are always staring wide open, as if she were being suffocated. Her spirit has been known to step out from behind a clump of dead trees at the head of the island and face passers-by. She will give them a terrible look and then scream piteously. In an instant more the spirit has disappeared.—Chicago Times.

A Knockout.

Youth (tremblingly)—I—I—I have come to you, sir, for the hand of your daughter.

Father (briefly)—Which hand?—Detroit Free Press.

MAN MAY YET FLY.

Wonderful Birdlike Machine Constructed by Professor Lilienthal.

Can a man fly? Learned professors of the sciences of aeronautics agree that he cannot, and a formidable commission of experts appointed by the German government to investigate into the possibilities of aerial navigation have finally and decisively and officially said that it is impossible. Still an ingenious and observant German of the name of Otto Lilienthal, after a long series of experiments and in the face of the decisions of the eminent scientists, has succeeded in proving that a clever man can fly, and fly for considerable distances too.

Professor Lilienthal, like most men who have solved difficult problems, has gone clear away from the principles to which other men have found limitations. When he decided to fly, in other words, he left the possibilities afforded by the balloon entirely out of his calculations. Balloons, said he, are crude affairs, dangerous, not to be depended upon, nondirigible and clumsy. There is nothing in nature built upon the principle of the balloon, yet there are things in nature which can fly, and fly much better than the best balloons. Those things are birds. To the birds, then, I will go for the model of my flying machine. And to the birds he went.

From these same birds it was that Professor Lilienthal learned the true principles of aerial navigation, which principles he has succeeded to a degree in adapting to the uses of man. He first learned that it is the concave shape of a bird's wing that enables it to soar, rising or falling at will without muscular exertion in the teeth of a high wind. Then he learned that a bird's wing bones are constructed similarly to those in a man's arm. Knowing these things, he built his flying machine, or, to be more correct, his soaring machine. He made for himself of light but impervious cotton cloth and split willow wands two immense wings 23 feet from tip to tip, and a practicable if not highly ornamental rudder or tail.

He preserved in their construction as nearly as possible the form of a bird's wings and tail, increasing the parabolic curve of the bird's wings to the exact proportionate degree for his larger ones. These wings and the tail, weighing in all only 25 pounds, are so constructed as to fold up like the wings of a bat. Having completed them, the professor adjusted them to his arms, took a run along a hilltop and calmly and confidently jumped over the side, spreading his wings as he did so. He soared some distance and alighted in safety and comfort. He repeated his experiment many, many times, learning how to control his apparatus, how to change direction, how to rise or descend at will. He improved his wings and tail and kept on practicing until now he can soar for several hundred yards, rise to a much greater height than he started from and fulfill most of the functions of a big bird, save only that of propelling himself in still air and starting his flight from level ground. These two things a man is not strong enough to do, the bird possessing much greater strength for its size and weight than the most muscular man. But what Professor Lilienthal lacks in strength he has made up in ingenuity, for he has now constructed a little motor, operated by carbonic acid gas, which, while it adds scarcely anything to the weight of his flying apparatus, is capable of developing continuously two horsepower, or more than enough energy to work the wings. Indeed in the first trial the little motor developed too much strength and broke the wings, putting a stop to further experiments for the time.

If Professor Lilienthal succeeds in perfecting the great invention, the practicability of which he has already demonstrated, and in making aerial navigation on the simple principles favored by the birds safe for mankind, he will have achieved a notable triumph over the wonderful forces of nature as well as the world's greatest scientists. And he seems very likely to succeed, unless he should grow careless in handling his experimental wings and perchance fall victim to the awful fate which overtook the lamented and legendary Icarus, the first man who attempted to fly.—Chicago Times.

THE BALLOON CYCLE.

The Latest French Army Means of Carrying War Dispatches.

There floated over the hamlet of Villeneuve la Garenne the other afternoon in midair a balloon. Suddenly it appeared to burst and fell rapidly toward the earth. Fearing that a disaster had occurred, the terrified folk ran to the spot at which they expected the aerostat would reach the ground, when to their amazement they saw a parachute detach itself from the car and descend gently. Immediately the earth was touched one of the passengers jumped upon a small bicycle which he had brought with him from the aerial regions, and he disappeared in the direction of Levallois, in the neighborhood of Paris, as rapidly as the machine could carry him.

The explanation of this singular occurrence is simple. The balloon was the Caliban, and the ascent was made from Levallois by Captain Capazza and M. Hervieu, the latter being the cyclist. Their object was to test the possibility of a balloon being used for carrying war dispatches, and they assumed that an enemy succeeded in destroying it. Yet they proved that by means of the parachute they would be able to make good their escape and to outdistance their pursuers with the aid of the portable bicycle.—London Telegraph.

Boat Propelled by a Turbine Wheel.

Several trials have been made on the Elbe with a boat propelled not by the ordinary screw, which replaced the paddle wheel, but by means of a turbine wheel. The inventor, Herr Zenner, states that a much greater speed can be obtained than with the screw, because the friction is much less. Three boats have already been constructed on this pattern.—Westminster Gazette.

GODS MADE TO ORDER.

The Chinese Variety Are of Both Sexes and All Sizes and Prices.

Chinese josses come from Amoy and Canton, where there are joss factories which supply Celestials with any shape, design or size desired. Josses are either male or female. If the former, they are fat and ungainly; if the latter, they are possessed of four arms.

The making of these images is simplicity itself, the manufacturers relying upon wooden or metal molds. These are filled with wet clay, which dries, is then touched up, dipped in molten glaze and allowed to cool. An average workman can make a hundred gods in a day. The clay used is kaolin and is shaded from red and gray to white and costs about a cent a pound. A good jossmaker can earn from 20 to 40 cents a day, while an image costs to make on an average about 3 cents. Natives pay 5 cents for them; foreigners, $5. Josses can be made in all colors, opaque, transparent or colorless. The most effective work is made by painting the clay with thick white paint and then dipping it in the glaze. Chinese curio dealers are very fond of antique josses, as they can be planted and dug up to order from the time of Confucius to the present day. The most popular is the "black joss." This is made by painting a kaolin cast with paint made of tar, bitumen, shellac or varnish, wrapping it in paper and then firing it in a furnace. In this way any shade of black can be obtained, and the color burns through, as can be proved by breaking.

The josses carved from wood and covered with gaudy colors are often very ancient. The prices vary from a few cents to $500 or more, according to the size, workmanship and amount of decorations. They range in size from an inch to 10 or 12 feet. In the larger sizes the carving is of a superior quality and the coloring admirable. Josses carved out of stone are rare and expensive. Those made of jade, pale green or light blue, fetch marvelous prices, while white, yellow or brown are almost as expensive. One of these, belonging to Lin, the ex-governor of Formosa, is about 8 inches high and is valued at $10,000. It is said to be 1,500 years old. In Fuchan they make josses out of stealite and selinite of various colors. The stone is so soft that the manufacturer, by rubbing the newly made images with sand, can produce a most deceptive antique appearance.—New York World.

Pledged to Suicide.

"There are five men in Deadwood who once belonged to the same suicide club," said T. R. Wortham. "They coustituted the entire membership and don't often speak of it. A solemn compact was made that they should hold monthly meetings, at each one of which the members drew balls, one being black and its holder being obligated by oath to kill himself before the next meeting, the last one to hold a solitary dinner and destroy himself. The meetings, with the exception of the last one, were held, and in each case the victim disappeared, first settling up all of his affairs and leaving a farewell letter to his associates. No bodies were found, however. One day, on the principal street of Deadwood, a crowd collected, and in it were all five of the supposed suicides. They had all gone west and drifted to Deadwood. The story got out some way, and their lives were made miserable by it for a time, but they have succeeded in quieting it down, and are all doing well."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Goldenrod's Peculiarity.

Probably a great many people who travel have failed to notice that the period of blooming of the goldenrod does not begin first in the south and move northward, but apparently in the other direction—from north to south. In some places in northern Vermont and New Hampshire goldenrod of the common field and railroad track variety is in profuse bloom as early as the 10th of July. On the Kennebec river the other day a traveler noted that the goldenrod was much more golden and less tinged with green than it is in Malden or Cambridge, Mass. And the place where the plant is latest of all in yellowing apparently is Cape Cod, where the dwarf seaside variety, most common there, hardly begins to do itself justice before September. It is possible that the northern goldenrod ripens before that farther south for the same reason that Indian corn ripens earlier in Vermont than it does in Virginia—it has got to ripen earlier if it is going to ripen at all.—Lewiston Journal.

An Improvement In Electric Bells.

One of the most objectionable qualities of the electric bell is its uniform noisiness and shrillness. There are many places in which an alarm of a less aggressive and peremptory nature is desirable, and it is surprising that a "quiet" electric bell has not been manufactured for use in offices, hotels or private houses. The bell can be adjusted to make as much or as little noise as may be needed. Its principal feature is that it can be used either as a slow striking bell, a single stroke bell or as an ordinary trembling bell, according to the way it is connected on.—Philadelphia Press.

Remarkable Vision.

An old woman who had been in the infirmary with sore eyes told a neighbor that the doctor took out her eyes and scraped them with lances. "Nonsense, woman," replied the other. "Ye shouldn't believe all ye hear. The doctors would only be stuffing ye." "Oh, but ye know it's no use saying that, for I awakened up out of the chloroform and saw both of my eyes lying on the table."—Montreal Star.

Leuenhoek says that 4,000,000 webs, spun by young spiders when they first begin to use the spinneret, are not, if twisted together, as great in diameter as a hair from a human head.

Black gold is a natural alloy of gold and bismuth.

HUMAN WEATHER INDICATORS.

Effects of Atmospheric Changes on the Temperment of Men.

A writer in The American Journal of Psychology discusses the subject from the view of common experience and presents some facts that are interesting as well as leading in their directness. He says:

"The head of a factory employing 3,000 workmen said, 'We reckon that a disagreeable day yields about 10 per cent less work than a delightful day, and we have thus to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account. Accidents are more numerous in factories on bad days.

"A railroad man never proposes changes to his superior if the weather is not propitious. Fair days make men accessible and generous and open to consider new problems favorably. Some say that opinions reached in best weather states are safest to invest on."

Other facts are mentioned in the psychical and physiological relations, as: "Weather often affects logic, and many men's most syllogistic conclusions are varied by heat and cold. The knee jerk seems proved to have another factor. It is not strange if the eye, which wants the normal stimulus in long, dark weather, causes other changes."

Temperament is a fundamental factor in sensitiveness to atmospheric changes, that type of it called the mental being the more intensely affected, while the bilious type may exhibit by comparison the more capricious or morbid impressions, says The Phrenological Journal. The mental manifestations, as a rule, however, depend upon the organism primarily. If the culture is good—that is, the faculties have been trained to co-ordinate harmonious action, and the elements that contribute to serenity and self control have been well developed—weather conditions will but operate like other parts of the environment, and self training will show adaptation, self repression.

The "nervous," excitable, irascible person is he who has not learned to control feeling and expression, and it is he who finds fault with his surroundings and imputes uncanny conduct to them That there are functional states of the body that predispose one to mental depression or exhilaration we are ready to admit. A torpid liver, a chronic catarrh, a rheumatic joint and even an old corn may render one susceptible to weather changes, the physical ailment producing a nerve reaction that is keenly felt at the spiral centers and may test the spirit. Mind, however, is superior to matter, or rather constituted for superiority. Fairly organized, carefully developed and trained, it will exhibit that superiority by its pose and calmness in circumstances that are disagreeable or painful to the physical sense.

WERE BOUND TO PLAY POKER.

Newspap r Men Out of Cash Put Up Their Brains For Stakes.

Poker has been played with everything from pea beans to a hundred dollar bill, but perhaps the most curious commodity that was ever passed about over the green cloth occurred the other night among a party of newspaper men.

Somebody suggested the evening hours would pass more quickly if all hands in lulged in the national game. Every one was willing, but when an account of stock was taken it was discovered that there was only about $1.50 in the crowd, and every one objected to playing for "wind." After a little discussion some one had an idea, which he put in these words: "Let's appoint a committee of two as judges; then for an hour let us each sit down and write short stuff for the Sunday paper. Everything that the committee agrees upon as being good enough to be printed shall be accepted as cash and can be paid in as equivalent for a stack of chips."

This idea met with instant favor, and for an hour or more nothing could be heard in that room but silence. At the end of that time each one produced his quota of alleged interesting stories, and the committee to which it was submitted, reading it all with a lenient eye, passed nearly the whole lot.

Then the game began and furnished the curious spectacle of men opening jackpots for a quarter of a column and anteing with a "stick," with a fixed limit of a column, including the head.—New York Herald.

Ball Lightning.

The occurrence of what is known as ball lightning is so rare that every instance of it is of some interest. The London Lancet describes a narrow escape from death by this form of lightning, which was experienced by a distinguished surgeon of Louvain, who had gone to visit a patient in a neighboring town. He was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and what he described as a ball of fire descended upon and rendered him for some time unconscious.

On coming to himself he found that the cloth of the umbrella which he had been holding was completely burned off its steel framework, the metal being twisted into every shape. He attributes his safety to the circumstance that the umbrella had a wooden handle. Had it been of metal he must have been instantaneously killed.—Chambers' Journal.

Drawing It Fine.

Owner of Race Horse (looking closely at scales)—Jiffkins, you are a trifle over weight. Can't you lighten yourself a little?

Jiffkins (the jockey)—Got on my lightest suit, sir. Ain't ett a bite today and 'ave just trimmed my finger nails.

Owner—Well, go and get shaved.—London Quiver.

Sir John Lubbock is authority for the statement that a single bee, with all its industry, energy and innumerable journeys, will not collect more than a single teaspoonful of honey during a season.

Irish potatoes in a store, with a cellar under them, will stand a temperature of 10 degrees, and without a cellar a zero temperature will not hurt them.

AFRAID? NOT HE.

He Merely Wanted His Wife to Hold the Light For Him.

At 2 o'clock Tuesday morning, when all the people living on College avenue were fast asleep, there was commotion in one of the beautiful residences along that thoroughfare. It was the home of a merchant, and the commotion broke loose in the sleeping apartment of himself and wife. She started it.

She awakened suddenly and thought she heard some one trying to break in down stairs. She shook her husband, and after some time had elapsed succeeded in making him realize the situation. They both listened. There was some noise, sure enough, and a cold shiver crept down his spinal column and even to his toes.

He determined not to get scared, though his teeth were chattering, so he announced that he would go down and investigate.

"Aren't you afraid, dear?" nervously asked his wife.

He took out his revolver, struck a match, lighted a lamp and then looked at her in disgust.

"Afraid! Well, hardly. I never saw the man yet I was afraid of. Now, don't make any noise, but come on."

The little woman started in astonishment. "Do you want me to go too?"

"Do I want you to go? Why, of course I do. You must go ahead and carry the light so I can see to shoot. Do you think I could hit a burglar in the dark? Hurry up, or he'll be gone."

And that man made the little woman go ahead with the light, while he held the revolver over her shoulder at full cock. They traversed the house from garret to cellar, finally found a stray dog scratching at the back door and came back to bed. He sat up for an hour telling her what he would have done had there been a burglar there.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A HARD TASKMISTRESS.

The Late Rosina Vokes Took Her Art Rather Too Seriously.

The late Mrs. Clay, better known as Rosina Vokes, was a hard taskmistress. She took her art both seriously and rigidly and demanded the same from others. A young American girl during a one time connection with the Vokes company suffered extremely from a felon on her finger. Every movement of the arm gave her pain, and she was at length obliged to evade her required participation in "A Game of Cards," where the players clap hands, the one against the other. "You shirked your part last night, Miss Blank," Mrs. Clay took occasion to observe the following morning.

"I did," acknowledged Miss Blank, "for my finger is in such a condition, as you see, that present use of it is impossible."

"You will not shirk your part tonight, however," remarked Mrs. Clay, with an ominous gleam in her eye. The young American knew only too well that further remonstrance would probably result in her dismissal, so nothing more was said. That night, according to orders, she, with infinite pain, clapped hands briskly. At the first touch the blood gushed from her suffering finger; but, although her partner was Mrs. Clay, neither reference nor apology was made by that exacting star either then or afterward. "Still it was splendid training," said the young actress in later years. But to impartial, unprofessional outsiders such "training" smacks of tyranny.—New York Advertiser.

Speeches From Notes.

It is usually supposed by the lay reader that the greatest speeches made in congress are the result of long preparation and are delivered from voluminous notes. This is not always correct. The preparation may be all right, but in many cases notes do not exist at all. This may be illustrated from a little conversation I had with ex-Congressman John M. Farquhar. He was booked to speak at a reunion of veterans. Half an hour before he was announced to take the platform I approached and said:

"Mr. Farquhar, I shall be glad to get an advance copy of your speech."

"My dear sir," he replied, "I never wrote a speech in my life and never shall. I never spoke from notes but once in my life. That was when I was in congress, and my speech occupied over four hours. My notes consisted of five words scribbled on a piece of paper. I have kept that piece of paper, and when I have joined the majority it may be considered an interesting souvenir to somebody."

I thought so too.—Buffalo News.

Our Future Population.

The territorial area of Japan is about one-twenty-fourth that of the United States, not counting Canada, which is likely some time to come in, and it supports 40,000,000 people. At this rate it is computed that the North American continent would sustain a population of 1,000,000,000. How soon that limit is to be reached may be remitted to the prophets and the statisticians, but it will come some time without doubt, requiring an increasingly wise type of statesman and politician on the way if we are to hold together and carry out the destinies which seem appointed to us.—New York Tribune.

Shell Sounds.

The peculiar murmuring sound, not unlike the ripple of the waves on a still evening, which we hear on placing a shell or other hollow object to the ear, is due to the fact that the concave surface concentrates and multiplies all different sounds around us, so as to render them audible. The many sounds always present in the air are augmented by the resonant cavity of the shell.—Science Journal.

Overheard on the River.

"You are nothing but a big bluff," remarked the river to the bank.

"Is that so?" retorted the bank. "If I take a notion to come down on you, your name will be mud."—Indianapolis Journal.

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Port Wine, 65c. $1 and $1.50 gal.
Angelica, 75c. $1 and $1 50 gal.
Sherry, 65c. $1, $1.50 and $2.50 gal.
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5 lbs Hotel Tea
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

Order of the Forty Hours' Devotion.

In the Churches and Chapels in the Diocese of San Francisco, for the month of October.

Oct. 21st—Twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.

St. Teresa's, Potrero.
St. Joachin's, Lochford.

CALENDAR

For the Week Ending Saturday, October 27th

PATRON OF THE UNITED STATES

Mary Immaculate, pray for us.

Oct. 21, Sunday—23rd after Pentecost—Purity B. V. M.
Oct. 22, Monday—St. Mary Salome—St. Mark, Bp.
Oct. 23, Tuesday—The Most Holy Redeemer.
Oct. 24, Wednesday—St. Raphael, Archangel.
Oct. 25, Thursday—Bl. Margeret Mary, Apostle of the Sacred Heart (1690.)
Oct. 26, Friday—The Holy Relics.
Oct. 27, Saturday—St. Ives (Lawyer, 1303.)

We learn from the New York Protestant Churchman that on sanitary grounds, objection is being made among Episcopalians to receiving Communion from the same cup or chalice. The present discipline of the Catholic Church is to communicate under the form of bread alone. In our next issue we will put before our readers an article on this important subject.

Our readers and subsribers will, no dnubt; be pleased to learn that this issue of the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC is issued from its own printing office, whence all future issues will be made. The necessity of having our own material became imperative as the paper began to progress, in order that there might be no delay in its issuance. This difficulty has now been overcome, and each succeeding number will be brighter and newsier than its predecessor.

Ward McAllister, the king of the four hundred blue-blooded New Yorkers, has just published an account of his late visit to England. He therein informs the public, that the Protestant Episcopalian Bishop of London does not believe in the eternal punishment of hell. His Lordship holds that after a period of suffering in the other world all Christians will be admitted to never ending joy. This may be consoling to the wicked. But it is a horrid blasphemy. "Without the doctrine of eternal punishment the belief in the Christian notion of sin, as an infinite evil, necessarily disappears, and with it the doctrine of redemption. The atonement wrought by Christ and everlasting punishment are correlatives; if you take one out of the creed the other necessarily shares its fate". The doctrine of Purgatory finds its true place for weak humanity without denying hell.

COLORED BRETHREN AND A. P. A'S.

The Ammoreens, alias A. P. A's, have been deluding our colored brethren, priming them with the atrocious falsehoods and calumnies concerning Catholic teaching which now form the stock-in-trade of this non-christian and un-American secret organization. The Sacramento Bee discovered this outrageous fraud on a good-natured but easily excited half educated race and thus writes:

Evidence comes to the Bee that Council No. 14, of the American Protective Association of this city, is composed entirely of negroes, and that it claims sixty members. This paper doubts very much whether it has any such membership. The wonder should be, however, not as to the strength of this Council, but that it exists at all. As well almost might the Israelites renounce their Creator, as for these negroes to deny civil and religious liberty to men who shed their blood that these ingrates might be free, to women who nursed them tenderly in many a hospital or many a fearful battle-field.

Moses said unto the chosen people on the day of the Exodus:

Remember the day in which ye came out from Egypt, out of the house of bondage; for by strength of hand the Lord brought you out of the place.

Let these negroes remember the day upon which they emerged from slavery into freedom.

Let them remember the brave men who died for them under the pitiless stars, and whose sons they would now proscribe.

Let them remember the gentle angels who ministered to them in all the horrors of war, and who are now being daubed with filth in papers which no decent man would write and no respectable man would read.

Let them remember that freedom to the negro race in the British Possessions was won by Daniel O'Connell, the Irish Catholic emancipator.

Let them remember that if this Council has sixty members it presents to this community sixty ample and sufficient reasons why the negro should never have been given a freedom which he has proved he did not deserve, nor granted the blessings of a citizenship which he cannot appreciate.

BIBLIOLATRY.

Bibliolatry is a worship that is being gradually undermined. We little expeeted to hear the Congregationalist say: "The beleef which has often been expressed that Christianity depends upon the Bible is an error". Of course it is, and a very grave one both historically and logically. Before a single word of the New Testament was written, the Christian Church was flourishing. No one of the Apostles except Saint John could possibly have seen the whole of the New Testament. Nearlythree centuries passed by before it was decided which were the inspired Gospels and Epistles. The Apostles did not convert by scattering Bibles broad cast. Their disciples were in greater art from the masses who were unable to read. In our own day few, very few, are tre tnose who can read the Scriptures in their original tongues. And the interpretations are as varied and contradictory as the different Christian sects at least. Christianity depends on an unerring authority to say what is the revelation of Christ. This puts young and old, learned and ignorant on precisely the same footing as to their belief. The Holy Bible is God's word, but it needs a divine teacher to unfold its true meaniug.

Subscribe for the Caliiornia Catholic.

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

Some weeks ago, reference was made in these columns to the independent American attitude of a majority of the Protestant members of the school board of Alameda city in supporting the right of a young lady to a position in the department despite the strenuous objections made by those disposed to take a narrow and bigoted view of her qualifications based on her religious belief. Among the three gentlemen, who have justly merited by their action, the respect of their fellow citizens, was Mr. C. A. Brown. This gentleman has simce been honored by his townsmen and others with a nomination as supervisor in one of the districts of the county in which he resides. For eight years Mr. Brown has been connected as trustee with the school department of Alameda City, and as such has earned a reputation for sterling integrity and honesty of purpose. His fellow citizens, in proposing him for further political honors, have an abiding faith in him. When bigotry and intolerance are such notable features of the character of most politicians, independent citizens will in voting for Cy Brown, not alone be honoring a worthy gentleman, but will at the same time cast a vote in support of principle. While the office he seeks is not one of vast importance or grave responsibility, the point to be considered is his action in the direction of supporting liberty and equaliy, in accordance with true American principles. For these reasons Mr. Brown is entitled to receivo the support of every voter who believes in these doctrines.

Siebe for Assessor.

The Citizens Non-Partisan convention, composed of a number of prominent men in this city, at their recent eonvention, nominated many men, well worthy of political preferment. Their deliberations were attended with much care, and many of the delegates being large property owners, very naturally looked to the matter of assessment, as one of the most important features of the future municipal policy of the city. For the important office of assessor, John D. Siebe, the present incumbent, was chosen.

For four years, Mr. Siebe has held that office, and hopes by the suffrages of his fellow citizens, to again fill the position. During his term, experts declare that there has never been a more equitable series of assessments, than those made by John D. Siebe. His work has never been subjected to criticism, but has always met with approval. Besides Mr. Siebe is one of our influential German citizens, and being an honorable man, is worthy of re-election. He stands square upon a good strong platform.

Tobin-Diamond.

The wedding of Mr Joseph Tobin and Miss Dimond which took place at the family residence on Saturday, Sep. 29th, was a notable event in social circles. His Grace, Archbishop Riodan, officiated and the ceremony was conducted with all the pomp and splendor attaching to the Catholic nuptial service. The groom occupies a responsible position at the bar. The bride has, during her residence in this city, made thousands of friends who all manifested their appreciation of the happy event that night. Her father, Gen. Dimond, is to be congratulated upon the auspicious entering into marrled life, of his two most estimsble daughters.

THE SOVEREIGN POET.

He sits above the clang and dust of time,
With the world's secret trembling on his lip.
He asks not converse nor companionship
In the cold starlight, where thou canst not climb.

The undelivered tidings in his breast
Suffer him not to rest.
He sees afar the immemorable throng
And binds the scattered ages with a song.

The glorious riddle of his rhythmic breath,
His might, his spell, we know not what they be.
We only feel, whate'er he uttereth,
This savors not of death;
This hath a relish of eternity.
—William Watson in Spectator.

THE SILK CORD.

The noble Chao-Se was very unhappy. Nevertheless his rice crop had been unusually abundant; the white flowers of the tea plant filled his gardens; his silk cocoons were never richer; he was the lucky possessor of an autograph letter from the emperor, in which could be seen the word chaon, a credential of long life, and, lastly, he had seen divided in 10,000 pieces the body of his enemy Pe-Kong, who had affronted him by cutting off his pigtail.

Why, then, had our noble Chinese ordered the image of Fo to be belabored with sticks, leaving a mere wreck of that deity standing amid fragments of his former porcelain and imposing figure? And that evening at supper why had he disputed with his ancient cook the excellence of a magnificent dish of roast dog that all the guests had pronounced exquisite, disdained a cup of the finest Kyson tea and paid no attention to his pet monkey, in spite of all his playful caresses?

"Respected kinsmen," said Chao-Se gravely, after the meal had ended, to the three venerable Chinamen squatting at his side, "you all know that I had intended presenting my son at the court of our Celestial Kingdom."

The speaker and his hearers inclined their heads until their pigtails swept the floor, and it became necessary to remove the monkey, who imitated the action of these grave personages. Chao-Se continued:

"My son, Te-Ku, has not regarded my teachings. He does not know how to bend the body gracefully 18 times in making our court bow, nor is he familiar with the unalterable forms of our Celestial etiquette. He has rejected my old friend Ling's virtuous daughter, whose tiny feet could be incased in nutshells, and, let this astonish you, dear friends, defied by Chung, whose honored body now reposes in the tomb, he refused to disembowel himself, while his adversary expired triumphant with his abdomen ripped open in the most approved fashion. In this disgrace I have called you together, being resolved to follow your advice as to the best means of saving the family honor."

"You should, above all, disinherit Te-Ku," said the eldest of the council.

"And divide your possessions among us," added the second.

"And as the family honor is tarnished a sacrifice is necessary," said the third. "You should strangle yourself in order that the reputation of our house may not perish."

Such was the decision of the council. Chao-Se now, too late, regretted having convoked it.

* * * * * *

"What present is this you are bringing me?" asked the wife of Chao-Se that same night, noticing that her husband had placed a small ivory box upon the table of her room.

"Beautiful and dearly beloved Tian, I have a surprise for you," replied the noble Chinese gallantly.

Tian gathered herself up on her couch, exposing to view a pair of tiny feet some two or three inches in length.

"You have been a good wife," continued Chao-Se kindly, "and I desire that you should figure in history as a model of virtue. Well, then, the family council has decided that I must sacrifice myself to restore our lost reputation, but as I have a certificate of long life from my sovereign it would be an act of ingratitude on my part to cut short my own existence. I have therefore selected you, dear Tian, as my substitute, that you may save our honor with the silk cord you will find in that box. I am sure you will be grateful to me for this mark of distinction and proof of my deep affection."

"Sir," exclaimed Tian terrified, "I dare not kill myself. I am as timid as a chicken."

"Calm yourself, my dear. If you cannot do it alone, being as timid as a chicken, I'll get the cook to help you," and the noble Chao-Se embraced his wife tenderly and withdrew from the apartment.

Tian appeared calm. Kin, the cook, was uneasy.

"Kin," said she, "thou needest repose."

"I sleep little, my lady," replied Kin, rubbing his eyes.

"Thou shouldst have desires of enjoying in the next world the pleasures that have been reserved for thee."

"I am ignorant of what the great Buddha may have in store for me there."

"Dost thou wish to fly with me?" asked Tian, gazing lovingly at the poor cook.

"My lady!" exclaimed he, trembling.

"To fly from a house where they do not appreciate thy roasts, to unite thyself to me and become master of my magnificent jewels."

Kin kissed the floor to express his gratitude.

"Avoiding the vengeance of Chao-Se"—

"Oh, yes!" faltered the trembling cook.

"There is a way to accomplish all this. Thy master, Chao-Se, protected by the emperor's decree, will yet live many years, during which time we shall be able to leave this earth and lose ourselves in space."

"I don't understand."

"It is very simple. I wish thee to accompany me in this last journey. Take this cord and hang thyself outside the door while I gather up my jewels and prepare to follow thee."

Kin opened his oblique eyes in horror. Tian gave him a languishing glance.

"Goodby," she said. "Do not fail me," and pushed him gently toward the door, slipping around his neck the soft, silken cord.

As Kin left the apartment he heard a noise in an adjoining room. "It must be the monkey," he said to himself, and then continued meditatively: "For two reasons I had better not kill myself. In the first place, because I have no certainty of reviving in the other world, and, secondly, because if I do come to life again the mighty Fo will be able to take vengeance upon me for the beating I have given his image."

Again the noise was heard. It was not the monkey, but Te-Ku who made it, robbing the treasure chest of his father. The garden window was open. The jewels showed glitteringly through the open mouth of a sack. Kin, indignant, could not do less than reproach him for his conduct, at the same time revealing to him the predicament in which he had placed the family.

Te-Ku implored him to speak lower, but Kin responded each time in a louder voice. At length the unhappy youth exclaimed, conscience stricken, "Give me the cord. I am the true culprit, and to me should belong the sacrifice!" And making a noose in one end of the fatal cravat he tied the other to the window frame, swung the bag of jewels to his shoulder for the expenses of the journey, and embracing the cook affectionately said to him:

"Go now and leave me alone. I do not wish thee to witness my death agony."

Kin had not complete confidence in his young master, but did not dare disobey his command. As he descended the stairway leading to the garden he heard a heavy blow, followed by a peculiar squeak.

"Can he have fled?" Kin asked himself, doubtfully.

The garden was very dark, but a body hung quivering at the end of the cord. This Kin could see plainly, but he did not observe a dark form stealing away among the trees.

"I've got myself nicely out of that scrape," said Kin, with a sigh of relief, passing his hand pensively around his neck. After a few moments of meditation he entered his room, filled his pipe with opium, and stretching himself on his mat soon fell into a deep sleep.

The following morning at daybreak the relatives of Chao-Se, attired in white, the mourning costume of the Chinese, presented themselves at his house prepared to render to his corpse the last tributes, but to their great surprise they found him awaiting them, also dressed in white, and maintaining a ceremonious attitude.

"What, still alive?" they exclaimed indignantly.

Chao-Se then related to them all that had occurred—his scruples, the timidity of his wife, the substitution of the cook and the voluntary expiation of his son. The others, after an animated discussion, agreed to accept this solution of the difficulty.

"Let us now go to the garden, into which nobody has yet entered," said Chao-Se solemnly. "There we shall view the body of my unhappy son."

The committee made their way to the garden, but upon arriving at the scene of the catastrophe were stupefied with amazement. Suspended by the silken cord, and swinging to and fro like a pendulum, was the rigid body of a monkey.

"That is not my son!" exclaimed Chao-Se horrified.

"Sir, I saw him place the noose around his neck," replied the cook. "Without doubt the monkey has fled in the figure of your son, leaving his own image behind him. There is something of magic in this—the divine Fo is avenged."

"No such thing," said the prospective inheritors of the estate, with decision. "It's the body of Te-Ku. Don't you see the resemblance to the father? It is his very image!"

"But, gentlemen," protested Chao-Se, defending himself, "look at that mouth!"

"It is your own, noble Chao-Se," replied the others.

"And those ears"—

"Are identical with yours," and in a whisper, "Remember that a victim was required!"

The distinguished Chinaman admitted at length that the body was that of his son, although certainly somewhat disfigured.

Consequently the death of Te-Ku was officially certified to, the remains were given a magnificent burial, and the family council declared the honor of the house of Chao-Se to be fully re-established.

* * * * * *

In spite of the certificate of long life, Chao-Se survived his son only a few months. Then came to take charge of the inheritance a young man who claimed to be Te-Ku and declared that he had fled from the paternal mansion some time before, jumping from the garden window and scaling the wall.

The case having been submitted to the highest tribunal in the land a learned mandarin rendered the following decision, which is still a precedent in China to settle disputes of a similar nature:

"The death and burial of Te-Ku having been legally proven;

"No one having been missed from the house of Chao-Se on the night in question except a monkey, whose whereabouts are now unknown;

"Be it decided, therefore, that if the claimant speaks truly in regard to the flight he can be no other than the monkey.

"And if he has failed to speak the truth he deserves to be executed with the cord that the relatives of the deceased still retain in their possession."

In this alternative Te-Ku decided to declare himself a monkey and was forthwith handed over to a traveling mountebank.—Translated From the Spanish For Short Stories.

MRS. CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

A Woman Who Is Making a Brilliant and Successful Preacher.

Celia Parker Woolley published her first novel, "Love and Theology," in 1887. It was a clever, resolutely radical little story, and the critics at once classed it with the "African Farm," "John Ward" and the renowned "Robert." Its author, however, has since then gone far ahead of Mrs. Deland, Mrs. Ward and even Olive Schreiner in the demonstration of her religious convictions. With "love" she had been tolerably conversant since her marriage in 1868, and by way of proving her familiarity with "theology" she accepted the pastorate of a church in Geneva, Ills. Up to that time Mrs. Woolley had had no intention of entering the ministry, although always attracted to the pulpit and its opportunities. Her career as a minister has been, however, eminently successful. She has aroused a fresh and widespread religious interest throughout not only her immediate community, but in Chicago itself, an hour's railway ride distant, many persons going out from that city every Sunday to attend service in Geneva. Mrs. Woolley's sermons during this as yet brief pastorate have had a wide range, dealing with the most vital and pressing problems of our day, as may be judged by the following topics, taken at random from her past year's calendar: "Industrial Armies Versus Industrial Citizenship," "Compensation," "Loved of Country," "A Story of Isben's 'Brand,'" and "Pilate's Question, 'What Is Truth?'" It is interesting to also note that of the three trustees of her church two, Mrs. Julia Plato Harvey and Mrs. Julia C. Blackman, are women. Mrs. Harvey is also well known to the world at large as the former first vice president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

Mrs. Woolley is by birth an Ohioan, although removing to Coldwater, Mich., at an early age. With the exception of a few years spent at the Lake Erie seminary—one of the Mary Lyons schools—at Painesville O., she was educated entirely in the town of her adoption. She was graduated from the Coldwater seminary in 1866 and two years later was married to Dr. J. H. Woolley. In 1876 they removed to Chicago, where she busied herself with contributions in prose and verse to journals both east and west. She was the Chicago correspondent of The Christian Register of Boston for eight years, and in 1890 became assistant editor of the Chicago Unity, holding the latter position for nearly three years. Her first essay in fiction was a short story published in Lippincott, which periodical has published much other of her work. The title of "Love and Theology" has, in later editions, been changed to "Rachel Armstrong," while two other novels from her pen have also appeared, "A Girl Graduate" and "Roger Hunt."

Mrs. Woolley has been and is a conspicuous member of that conspicuous organization, the Chicago Woman's club. For two years she was its president, and she is the present leader of its "Browning classes," her long experience as thinker and lecturer amply qualifying her for such responsibility. Within the past few weeks the club has appointed a committee of 25 to organize a "political equality league," Mrs. Woolley serving as chairman. As a lecturer and parlor reader she is perhaps better known in the west than in the east, although she is always sure to win appreciation, whatever the locality. During a recent visit to Boston she was the honored guest of those two formidable societies, the Browning club and the New England Woman's club. Like her books, her "talks" are a mixture of literary interests with social problems, Voltaire, Ibsen, Margaret Fuller, George Eliot, Shakespeare and Tennyson each finding place in her programme. Mrs. Woolley was deeply interested in the world's parliament of religions, which distinguished body she had the honor to address upon "The World's Religious Debt to America." Altogether it is not as the brilliant novelist that she is to be regarded, but as the earnest and sincere thinker, eager to receive the truth, strong in the courage of her convictions and successful in a field where but few women have earned distinction.—New York Times.

To Keep Muslins Crisp.

To keep muslin dresses looking fresh they should not be allowed to hang in closets with woolen dresses or where the door is opened frequently. A dress that is kept in a wardrobe divan retains its sparkling crisp look long after one that is left hanging in a much used closet. If you have no wardrobe divan, lay the skirt in a bureau drawer and fold the skirt over the top—not at the bottom. Then put the waist in a dress box, with all the ribbons and accessories. If bureau drawers are scarce, there is still another plan. Buy half a dozen of the long dress boxes that dry goods stores use to hold ready made gowns when sent home. Put the skirt and waist into one of these. These boxes can be piled under the bed or lounge, and so kept out of sight. Even the dampness that enters a room through an open window is sufficient to take the crispness out of muslins and organdies, and they never look as well afterward.

The Latest Fad.

The latest fashionable freak among women who are blessed with pretty hands is to wear an immense ring, like a Roman Catholic bishop's, on the first finger of the right hand. It used to be considered the height of vulgarity to place a ring on the index finger, but now this decoration is the dernier cri. The ring must be a superb one and must not partake of the slender and graceful daintiness of the "marquise" circle. It must be solid, big and respectably ecclesiastic in its appearance. The feminine mind, always desirous of presenting contrasted effects to poor humanity, sees the delicately sarcastic anomaly of a little, white, frivolous looking hand wearing a big, aggressively solid sort of ring.—New York Dispatch.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Reception to Father Mahoney at San Jose.

MANY FAIRS IN PROGRESS.

Paulist and Jesuit Fathers Conducting Missions Throughout the State.

In order to expediate the work of issuing this number our news feature is slightly curtailed, but all important events are chronicled in the following columns.

San Jose

The students of St. Joseph's college honored their president, Rev. D. I. Mahoney, S. J., on the afternoon of the 8th inst., it being the feast of St. Denis. He was received by the College Glee Club with the chorus, "Welcome to Our Pastor." Following this a number of the students delivered congratulatory addresses, and the occasion passed off very pleasantly. The next day the students were given a holiday.

The ladies of the Pratt Home and the Catholic Ladies' Aid Society have had another meeting for the purpose of arranging for the chrysanthemum festival to be given at Turn Verin Hall from November 5th to 10th.

Florists from San Francisco, Mayfield, Menlo and San Jose, have already engaged their space and some of the members from the Santa Clara County Floral Society will exhibit.

Mrs. C. D. Wright will have chargo of the decorations.

In addition to the hall decorations Tuesday night, "A night in Japan," all the participants in every booth will become Japanese and wear the head dress and colors of Japan. The programme will consist of Japanese music, songs, or subjects relative to Japan.

"Rebecca's Well," where lemonade can be drawn, will be under the charge of not only one, but six pretty Rebeccas in costume. Mrs. R. Syer and Mrs. J. D. Spence will be in charge.

The Chocolate Booth will be in charge of Miss Wright and eight young ladies. and Mrs. L. Finnegan will preside over the Candy Booth.

The Refreshment Booth will be managed by Mrs. Henry, assisted by Mesdames S. A. Barker, M. Carey, P. Cary, M. A. Carroll, E. J. Delaney, A. Normandin, M. Hogan, F. P. Russell, R. A. Hoagland, M. O'Brien, J. N. Brown, M. Ogler, A. McDonald, R. Syer and J. Holly.

The general management will be under Mesdames C. D. Murphy, R. Syer, L. Calisch, L. Auzerais, S. A. Barker, A. McDonald, M. Ogler, J. H. Campbell, H. Booksin, F. Brassy and W. B. Hill.

The programme is to be as follows: Tuesday, "A Night in Japan:" Wednesday, farce, "A Box of Monkeys," under the charge of Miss Allie Cole. The characters will be sustained by Josephine Cole, Bessie Taft, Elva Thomas, Frank Liebe and Will A. Curless. Thursday, "Living Pictures;" under the charge of Mrs. B. D. Murphy and Mrs. B. C. Longdon; Friday, under the charge of the Garden City Cyclers, Saturday evening, under the charge of Miss Estabrook. Saturday matinee will consist of an interesting children's programme, followed by dancing.

The youn ladies of the Notre Dame college gave a very successful musical and literary entertainment in the college hall on Tuesday afternoon. A special feature of the programme was the presentation of the drama, entitled "The Vestals," by the young ladies. Between the acts music on the piano, guitar and mandolin was rendered. The parts were well sustained, and the entire affair showed the excellent care bestowed by the sisters of Notre Dame on their pupils.

Star of the Sea.

The fair in aid of Father Coyle's church opened at National Guard Hall on Ellis street on Thursday night There was a large attendance of visitors, and everything went off in a most satisfactory manner.

The following ladies will have charge of the tables:

No. 1. St. Joseph's booth—Mrs. Ellen Frost, Mrs. K. Tighe, Mrs Green and assistants.

No. 2, St. Gertrude's booth—Mrs. J. Owens, Miss A. Henderson and assistants.

No. 3, Star of the Sea—Mrs. J. Cassidy, the Misses Cassidy, Mrs. Hannon, Mrs. Farrel and Mrs. Kenney.

No. 4, Sacred Heart booth—Mrs. T. Howard and assistants.

No. 5, St. Cecelia's booth—Mrs, O'Brien, the Misses O'Brien, Miss McCarthy and assistants.

No. 6, St, Vincent's booth—Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. J. C. Roberts, Miss Morris and assistants.

No. 7—Mrs. J. Maloney, Mrs. T. J. Glynn and assistants.

Refreshment table—Mrs. M. Connors, Mrs, McGlen and Mrs. O'Brien.

Soda stand—Misses A. Manning, L. Kelley, N. Martin and assistants.

Flower Booth—Miss Kitty Hall.

Oakland.

There was a very large attendance at St. Francis de Sales church on Sunday afternoon, when his Grace, Archbishop Riordan, administered the sacrament of confirmation to a class of 160 persons, a number of whom were converts. The church and altar were very prettily decorated in honor of the occasion. Rev. Father McSweeney, who had prepared the candidates, assisted his Grace. After administering the sacrament his Grace delivered a very interesting sermon, referring to the A. P. A. movement with words that stung. His entire address was very interesting.

Mission Dolores.

Steps are being taken to organize a company of cadets from the members of the League of the Cross in this parish. It is proposed to have only as members young men between the ages of 18 and 22. An active canvass has been made, and it is hoped to organize with fifty members about the second week in November.

Marysville.

A very successful fair in aid of St. Joseph's church and Notre Dame college was brought to a close last week. The attendance was excellent and all those who participated were well pleased with the financial results. Musical and literary programmes were presented each evening, and dancing was a prominent feature.

San Diego.

Rev. Fathers Elliott, Bodfish and Hewitt, of the Paulist Order, are expected to take part in a mission to open at St. Joseph's church on Nov. 4th. It has not yet been decided whether it will continue for one or two weeks. Fathers Brady and Wyman, who are now on the coast, are expected to join them.

Santa Cruz.

Fathers Brady and Wyman, of the Paulist order, have been conducting a very successful mission at Santa Cruz. The attendance at all of the services was large, and much devotion was manifested. The choir participated at nearly all of the exercises, and received many praises for their singing.

Monterey.

A ciruclar tent, capable of holding hundreds of people, has been secured by the Rev. R. M. Mestres for the fair in aid of San Carlos church. It has been erected in Lyceum park, and the novelty of a church fair in this place has attracted hundreds from the surrounding country. Everything that ingenuity can suggest to lure the slow dollar from visitors has been made use of to induce investments from visitors. The fair promises to be a grand success.

Sacramento.

Rev. Father Moeller, S. J., the eloquent Jesuit missionary, lectured in Sacramento last week on "Social Problems." All the local papers speak in the highest terms of the lecture and deqote considerable space to it. The mission just concluded by the Fathers in Sacramento was one of the most successful ever given in the Capital city.

PREMIUM PORTRAIT COUPON.

This Coupon when accompanied by $1.00 entitles the holder to a large sample

CRAYON PORTRAIT

Size, 17x14 inches Taken from any photograph or tin-type, and

Three Month's Subscription

to the CALIFORNIA CATHOLIC. Be particular to write name and address plainly to insure prompt delivery.

IN THEIR OLD HOME.

Christian Brothers Return to the Old College.

On Wednesday the classes of St. Mary's college, which had been disrupted on account of the fire which destroyed the handsome building in Oakland, were resumed in the old college on the Mission Road. This building, except for a small portion used for Father Brady's church, has been untenanted. A caretaker was left in charge, and the building only needed rennovation to make it available for the uses of the college.

A large force of workmen were at once engaged, and the building fitted up ready for occupancy. On Wednesday the classes opened with a full attendance.

The work of rebuilding the burned structure is rapidly progressing. A large collection was taken up in all the churches in the diocese a few weeks ago, and committees are at work in various places in order to further assist the Brothers. It will yet be some time before the work of rebuilding the new college will be far enough advanced to permit its occupancy.

Ancient Order Hibernians.

A room is again being started in the order, and the work of organizing new councils is rapidly progressing. It is the intention of the Board of Directors to have Rev. D. O. Crowley to make a tour of the State in the interest of the order. Rev. P. C. Yorke has also promised to do all in his power. New divisions are in process of organization, in Salinas, Watsonville, Santa Cruz, San Deigo, Stockton and Sacramento.

A division of 250 members was organized recently in San Jose, and five divisions are in process of formation in Los Angelas.

Division, No. 9, will give a grand entertainment and ball at the Potrero Opera House next Friday night.

The Board of Directors gave a grand ball at B. B. Hall on Thursday night, which was a successful affair, and attracted a large attendance.

Hon. Thomas P. Hawley.

Although Nevada is the main field of the work of the Hon. Thos. P. Hawley, still since his appointment he has been so frequently called to this city that we now regard him in much the same light as our resident Judges. Although for many years identified with Nevada, still Judge Hawley is an older Californian than any of the other Judges. He lived principally in the interior and there he had always a prominent reputation in his profession and was regarded with great respect and esteem as a very public spirited man. It falls to few to have the same warm friendship as is entertained for Judge Hawley. And his best friends are those who have known him longest. The reason for this regard is found in his unassuming, genial manner, and his consistent, straightforward character. He is the same approachable gentleman, the same true friend he was in the early time when beginning his career. Position and success have not changed him a particle, and this is appreciated. He occupies independent rank to day, but such is his sterling quality that it has not changed him from the easy-going, affable and kindly man he was in the past, and his greeting is as cordial, if not more so, to his friend in homespun as it is to his friend in broadcloth.

Judge Hawley is indeed an excellent type of the old-time Californian. He scorns pretense or display, and views his fellow man with kindly sympathy and a charity that is broad and liberal. As a lawyer he ranks among our eminent men. In any locality or in any occupation judging from his ability we have not a doubt indeed but ho would have achieved success.

Judge Hawley came to California across the plains, arriving in this State in 1852. Indiana was his home State and there he passed his boyhood. For about a year he worked in the placer claims of El Dorado county and then went to Nevada county, where he worked up to 1878.

In that section as elsewhere he held the respect of those he came in contact with. He soon became popular too as is shown in the fact that the year after going there he was tendered the position of Deputy County Clerk, which he held up to 1856, two years. During this time his natural vocation showed itself. He began the study of the law and applied himself to it diligently. He was admitted to practice January, 1857. He practiced his profession up to 1863, when he was elected District Attorney of Nevada County by a very flattering vote. He served for two years and then resumed his ordinary practice. In 1868 Judge Hawley removed to Nevada, then in the beginning of its development. He located at Hamilton, White Pine county, where he was engaged in his legal business for some four years. His qualifications as a lawyer led to his nomination in 1872 as Justice of the Supreme Court, State of Nevada, and he was elected in consequence. He held this highly honorable position from then on until his appointment by President Harrison as Federal Judge. Facts show how well qualified for the position Judge Hawley is. Beyond his ability as a lawyer he posesses other qualities of the greatest importance in this position. He has the judicial mind indeed—calm, impartial, keen. As Justice of the Supreme Court his decisions have of course all authority, but beyond this they are noted for their thorough soundness and strict adherance to law. Judge Hawley belongs to few societies or clubs. He is, of course, republican in politics, and has always been consistent and staunch in his party faith.

FREEZING BY MACHINERY.

Its Results as Compared With Those Through the Use of Melting Ice.

The superiority of refrigeration obtained by mechanical processes, as compared with that obtained by melting ice appears in the facts that by it more intense cold may be secured; that any desired degree of cold may be maintained with perfect uniformity; that a drier atmosphere is secured in the refrigerating box or room; that the inconvenience of frequently replenishing the ice bunkers and the slop and dirt attendant upon this work are avoided; that the annoying uncertainty of ice supply and variability in its price are avoided; that space in the rooms or boxes to be cooled is economized by substitution of a coil of pipe on walls of ceiling for the bulky ice bunker, and that this refrigeration can be employed for many purposes and places where ice cannot be used at all. Added to all this is the fact, of paramount importance, that where much refrigeration is required the cost of a machine and its operation is far less than the cost of ice sufficient to do an equal amount of work.

These advantages have proved so great in practice that every brewery, packing house, cold storage warehouse or other establishment requiring a large amount of refrigeration contains its individual refrigerating plant. Where consumption amounts to ten tons or more of ice daily the question of economy will be almost invariably decided in favor of the machine. If less than ten tons be required, the cost of a machine and its operation may exceed the cost of ice sufficient to do a similar amount of work. In many cases the superior quality of the refrigeration obtained, its cleanliness, reliability and convenience or the requirement of more intense cold than ice will produce secures the adoption of the machine. Therefore small machines are frequently found on shipboard, in hotels and apartment houses and in many manufactories, but most of the ice gathered from rivers and lakes or made in factories is not consumed by the few who require large quantities, but by the many, who severally require less than ten tons a day.

The effort to bring this superior refrigeration within the reach of small consumers has taken two directions—the production of small and inexpensive automatic machines and a system of supply of the refrigerant from central stations. The first has failed hitherto, because the balance of constantly varying pressures, temperatures, strength of solution, etc., is too complex a matter for purely automatic regulation. Without constant skilled attention the machines work unsatisfactorily, while the relatively high cost of plant, fuel and cooling water in operating on a small scale defeats economy.—Chicago Times.

The Bule People of Africa.

In appearance the people are tall, well formed and graceful. The men wear small loin cloths. The women wear nothing but a few handfuls of grass, but they are loaded with ornaments of beads and brass and bells. The men also wear ornaments, but not in such excess. Both men and women take great pains with their hair, doing it up in the strangest and dirtiest way conceivable. A common style is to build it, with the aid of strips of bamboo, into three hard ridges, several inches high, running from the front to the back of the head. Each ridge is mounted with a close row of common white shirt buttons. Sometimes a card containing as many as six dozen is sewed on above each ear. The ridges of hair do not always run fore and aft. They are often in circles built up like a story cake and iced with buttons. Sometimes a kind of splashboard is built out behind, running from ear to ear, to hold more buttons. This latter style prevents their lying to sleep in the ordinary way. They must place the neck on the wooden pillow and let the head hang over. The hair once arranged remains undisturbed for several months. It forms a convenient place for wiping their hands or knives. After dressing it grease is smeared over, which in the sun melts into the hair, some of it usually passing through and running down the back. No matter what color this oil is on going into the hair, it always comes out black.—St. Louis Republic.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKETS.

Grain, Etc.

WHEAT—Milling, 82½@87½c ₱ ctl; shipping grades, 77½@7-¾c

BARLEY—Feed, 72½@75c ₱ ctl; new brewing, 85@92½c; choice Chevalier, $1 27½@1 30.

OATS—Old crop—Off grades of feed, 85c@92½c ₱ ctl; good to choice, 95c@1 02½; fancy, $1 05@1 10; surprise, $1 10@1 15; milling, $1 10@1 15; gray, 90c@$1 00.

CORN — Large yellow, $1 17½@1 20 ₱ ctl; small do, $1 22½@1 25; white, $1 27½@1 30.

BEANS—Pea, $2 50@2 70 ₱ ctl; pink, $1 45@1 55; bayo, $1 75@1 90; small white, $2 50@2 65; large do, $2 40@2 50; butter, $1 75@2 10; Lima, $4 00@4 25; red, $2 00.

SEEDS — Rape, 1¾@2¼c ₱ lb; hemp, 3@4c; canary, 4c for imported; do California, nominal; flaxseed, 3@3¼c; alfalfa, 10c for Utah; mustard, 2¾@3c for yellow and 2½c for brown.

HAY—Wheat, $8 00@12 50 ₱ ton; wheat and oat, $7 50@11 50; stock, $5 50@6 50; alfalfa, $7 00@9 00; barley, $6 00@9 50; clover, $9 00@11 00; oat, $7 00@11 00; compressed, $7 00@11 00.

STRAW—50@60c ₱ bale.

HOPS—Nominally 3@4c ₱ lb for '93 and 6@8c for '94.

BUCKWHEAT—Nominal.

RYE—New, 87½@90c ₱ ctl.

DRIED PEAS—Nominal.

Mill Products.

FLOUR—Family extra, $3 25@3 35 ₱ bbl; bakers' extra, $3 15@3 25; superfine, $2 40@2 60.

BRAN—From $13 50@14 00 ₱ ton for home product.

MIDDLINGS—From $16 00@18 00 ₱ ton.

GROUND BARLEY—From $18 00@19 00 ₱ ton.

FEED CORNMEAL—From $27 00@27 50 ₱ ton.

CRACKED CORN—From $27 50@28 00 ₱ ton.

OILCAKE MEAL—$35 00 ₱ ton from mill; jobbing at $37 50.

COTTON SEED MEAL—$30 00 ₱ ton.

Various—Cash prices for 10-lb sks: Cracked Wheat, 3½c ₱ lb; Rye Flour, 3½c: Rye Meal, 3c; Buckwheat Flour, 5c; Oatmeal, 4¼c@5c; Oat Groats, 5c: Hominy, 4¼@4¼c: Rice Flour, 7¼c; Farina, 4¼c; Pearl Barley, 4¼@4¾c; Split Pea, 5¼@5¾c; Rolled Oats, 5c; Buckwheat Groats, 8½c; Graham Flour, 3c.

Vegetables.

Onions—Yellow, 50@60c ₱ ctl.

Potatoes — From 30@35c ₱ ctl in sks for Early Rose; 35@50c for river Burbanks and 85@$1 00 for Salinas Burbanks; Sweets, 75c@$1 00.

Various — Lima Beans, ¾@1c ₱ lb; String Beans, ¾@1c: Green Peppers, 25@35c ₱ bx; Cucumbers, 25@40c; do for pickling $1 00@1 50 ₱ 100 lbs for No. 1, and 25c@50c for No. 2; Summer Squash, 25@35c ₱ bx; Tomatoes, 15@25c for large bxs; Green Corn, 35@50c ₱ sk for common; do bay, 75c@$1 00 ₱ crate and 40@50c for bxs; Green Okra, 35@60c ₱ bx; Egg Plant, 25@35c ₱ bx; Cauliflower, 75@85c ₱ doz; Cabbage, 50@60c ₱ ctl: Beets, 50c ₱ sk; Turnips, 50c; Carrots, 50c: Green Peas, 1@1¼c ₱ lb.

Fruits and Nuts.

FRESH FRUITS—Strawberries, $3 00@5 00 ₱ chest. Blackberries, $3 00@5 00. Raspberries, $6 00@8 00. Huckleberries, 4@5c ₱ lb.

Grapes—Muscat, 25@50c ₱ bx; Rose of Peru, 30@40c (fancy in crates, 50c); Black Hamburg and Malvoisie, 25@35c; Tokay, 50@65c.

Apples—40c@$1 00 ₱ bx; plums, 35@50c ₱ bx; prunes, 40@60c ₱ bx; Bartlett pears, 75c@$1 00 ₱ bx; peaches, 15@30c for bskts and 25@75c for bxs; crabapples, 25@40c.

Melons--Watermelons, $6 00@12 00 ₱ 100; canteloupes, 50c@$1 00 ₱ crate; Nutmeg Melons, 25@40c ₱ bx.

Figs—Black, 25@75c ₱ bx; do white. 35c; nectarines, red, 40@50c; do white, nominal.

Lemons—California, $2 00@3 50 ₱ bx for fair to choice; fancy Santa Barbara and Santa Paula, $4 50@5 00; Mexican limes, $7 00@8 00 ₱ case.

Various—Bananas, $1 50@2 50 ₱ bunch; pineapples, $2 00@3 50 ₱ doz for Honolulu.

DRIED FRUITS—New crop—Apricots, 7½@8½c ₱ lb. Apples, evaporated, 8@8½c; do sun dried, sliced, 5@5½c; peaches, bleached, 6@7c.

Old crop—Pears, 5½@6c for bleached halves; do qrs, 4½@5c; plums, pitted, 3@5c; black figs, pressed, 3c; do unpressed, 2c; do ungraded, 2½@4c; prunes, 4¾@5c for graded and 3@5c for ungraded.

Raisins—Local prices, crop of 1894—California clusters, $1 25@1 50 ₱ bx; do layers, 60c@$1 00; Muscatel, loose, bxs, $1 15@1 25; do sks, 2¼@3c for No. 1 and 2¼@2½ for No. 2; dried grapes, 2¼ ₱ lb.

NUTS—Jobbing prices: Almonds, softshells, 9@10c ₱ lb; do papershell, 10@11c; do hardshell, 5@6c; standard, 7@8c; walnuts, California, softshell, 9@10c: do papershell, 9@10c; do hard shell, 5@6c; do No. 2, 4@4½c; do Chile, 7½@8c; Brazil, 8@10c; Filberts, 10@11c; polished pecans, Texas, 8@10c; pinenuts, Mexican, 12@13c; peanuts, 5½@6½c; hickory, nominal; cocoanuts, $5 00@5 50 ₱ 100.

Butter, Cheese and Honey.

BUTTER—Creamery, 24@26c ₱ lb; fancy dairy, 22@24c; good to choice. 19@21c: common, 15@18c; pickled roll, 18@20c; creamery in tubs, 21@23c; firkins, 16@19c.

CHEESE — California, 8@11c ₱ lb for flats; Young America, 9½@10½c; Eastern, 11@13½c.

HONEY—Jobbing prices, Comb, clear white, 10@11½c ₱ lb; do dark to light, nominal; water white, extracted, 6¾@7c; light amber do, 6½; dark amber do, 5½@6c.

BEESWAX—24@25c ₱ lb.

Poultry and Eggs.

POULTRY—Hens, $3 50@4 50 ₱ doz; broilers, $2 00@2 50; fryers, $3 00@4 00; roosters, $4 00@5 00 for young; do old, $3 50@4 00; geese, $1 25@1 50 ₱ pair; ducks, $4 00@5 50 ₱ doz; turkeys, alive, 12@14c ₱ lb; pigeons, $1 50@2 00 ₱ doz for young and $1 00@1 25 for old.

EGGS—California. 20@30c ₱ doz for fair to choice; fancy ranch, 32½@40c; Eastern, 20@26c.

Mrs. Ada F. Werner of San Francisco, who killed her husband while he was sleeping, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

At Clarksville, Tex., Henry Dykes' barn was fired on a recent night, and as he rushed from his house to save his property he was shot from ambush and killed. The assassin was recognized by Dykes' son and a posse was organized and Andrew Jackson, the, accused captured. Mrs. Dykes asked the posse to let her kill the assassin if captured. Accordingly Jackson was taken to her home and she was handed a shotgun. She raised the weapon and hesitated, and lowering the gun asked that the law be allowed to take its course. The posse started for the jail with the prisoner, but was overtaken by a mob. A rope was placed around the neck of the prisoner, and while the mob were in the act of hanging him the sheriff and his deputies dashed up and wrenched the prisoner from the lynchers.

Miss Mary Leper, who is credited as being the first woman in New Jersey to adopt the divided skirts as part of her regular attire, was the victim of an attempted assault recently. Laurant Milton, a young Frenchman, son of a rich family, is charged with the crime. Miss Leper is known all over the country. She lives about a mile from Hackensack. Her costume at all times consisted of a pair of boots or shoes, as occasion requires, the divided skirts and a short jacket and masculine hat. Miss Leper has had considerable trouble over her radical notions about dress. She has been driven from the churches because she persisted in wearing the unconventional garments to the services. The story told by Miss Leper was that she called at the Milton home. There was no one at home but the son Laurant. She said she did not know this, and entered the house as usual. In the assault which followed Miss Leper made a "manly" fight against her assailant. She finally knocked the young man down. Her dress was torn in the struggle. She got out of the room while Milton lay on the floor.

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STRANGELY SAVED FROM DEATH.

A Dramatic Prevention of Assassination In a Gambling House.

A crowd of people witnessed a singular scene here the other night, in which a man's life was saved after as novel a fashion as ever any writer of fiction has evolved. Rafe Shaffer, a well known sporting man, was seated in a gambling saloon talking to a friend, who had only lately come here from the east. Shaffer was telling his companion of a quarrel that he had with another man about town, whom he suspected of being about to make an attempt on his life.

As he was speaking the eastern man suddenly interrupted him with the question, "Say, Shaffer, do you remember your old business as a telegraph operator?"

Shaffer, who, it seems, had followed this trade before going west, looked surprised, but answered that he did.

"Well, you know, it's a very easy thing forgotten. Now, I will bet you can't tell me what I am going to tick out here on this table."

The eastern man then took a pencil from his pocket and began to tick off a message which, as he finished, caused Shaffer to spring hastily from his seat, drawing, as he did so, a revolver from his pocket, which he thrust almost in the face of a man who had been standing in the door of the saloon, and who had just covered him with his pistol. The two men glared at each other, and then Shaffer said calmly:

"Better put up your weapon, Smith, unless you want to shoot it out with me here. I have got the drop on you as much as you on me."

Smith hesitated and then replied that he would put up his pistol if Shaffer would and consented to leave the question between them to the arbitration of mutual friends. Shaffer agreed to the arbitration plan, as it seems both men had their reasons for not letting the cause of the bad blood between them be known to the public. Smith then left, and Shaffer thanked his quick witted friend for the services he had rendered him. The message the eastern man had rapped out was as follows:

"If your enemy is a dark complexioned man, with a hooked nose and a scar on the left cheek, he has just entered the saloon and has his hand on his pistol pocket. If you fear treachery from him, move quickly, or he'll have the drop on you. I am unarmed, so that I cannot draw for you. Draw now, as he has his pistol out, and unless you are as quick as lightning he will have you."

Shaffer's keen ear caught the words, and he acted at once on them, as has been shown. His wheeling so suddenly about on Smith took that gentleman so by surprise that he was compelled to back down.—Hastings (Neb.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.

COST HIM A HAND.

A Philadelphia Man's Invention Blew Up, and He Is Maimed For Life.

For a long time Pierson M. Stackhouse, a conveyancer, has been experimenting with a fire extinguishing chemical. It is probable that he will give up his idea of revolutionizing such compounds, if not altogether, for a time at least, because disaster overtook him with one terrific swoop yesterday afternoon.

Stackhouse believed that he solved the problem he had so long studied over, and yesterday afternoon he started out from his house, 2446 North Tenth street, to make a test. He strapped the cylinder to his back and carried the section of rubber hose in his left hand. His family stood at the door, and a friend, who had aided him in his experiments, walked close beside him. The inventor intended to see how far the chemical would be thrown, and he fearlessly reached up with his right hand to turn on the stopcock at the top of the cylinder in order to set the chemical to work.

At that instant there came a terrific explosion, which scared the wits nearly out of residents of the whole neighborhood. Windows rattled ominously, and crockeryware was demolished in some of the closets of nearby houses. Women and children, with blanched faces, rushed from their homes in terror, thinking that an earthquake or worse had come.

Stackhouse was thrown violently to the sidewalk. The top of the cylinder had blown off, and his right hand hung by a few shreds from his wrist. He lay unconscious on the sidewalk as his wife ran shrieking out to him, and a crowd quickly collected to see what the explosion meant. The inventor was taken to the Episcopal hospital, where it was necessary to amputate the shattered hand at the wrist.—Philadelphia Record.

Piety and Politics.

No one who has visited the south can escape the impression that a deep revolution in opinion is at work there. For several years it has been their habit to hold modest, unheralded meetings, mainly in the rural districts, sometimes weekly, sometimes monthly. They are usually opened with prayer, and it is not unusual after harvest time for the planters to maintain camp meetings a week together. Speaking begins between 9 and 10 in the morning, and the slow declining sun is still a spectator to these intense congregations. There is even a fine illumining vein of religious fervor in it all. The opening prayer, the political song set to church music, the two hour harangue at a stretch, the patriotic cheers, like strains from a new anthem—these are not the committee bought demonstrations of common campaigns. It is a rising of the people, and in due time the newspapers will make a discovery, for they will hear these people sing, and after that the ballot.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Death Stretched Him.

When John Edward Kelly's illness made him take to his bed at his home in Lambertville, N. J., for the last time six weeks ago, the lad was 5 feet in height and very fleshy. When he died on Friday last, he had fallen away to a skeleton, but the undertaker found that his stature was 6 feet 2 inches

"SASSIETY" AND VICE.

The Right and the Wrong Way of Keeping Scandals Out of the Newspapers.

It would be hard indeed if we could not get a laugh out of all these horrid scandals that sear society's face, and it has come at last—broad, hearty and irrepressible.

The good people of Newport—not the old Newporters, but the people who have followed in their train—are so incensed by the reports published about the misdoings of the Four Hundred that they have organized a Society For the Suppression of Newspaper Notoriety.

Dear, comical, old Elbridge T. Gerry is at the head of the new society, and it looks as if he would have time to attend to nothing else.

The purpose of the society is to prevent the publication in New York and Boston (other cities don't count) of matters that are purely personal to the Four Hundred and of no public interest.

If Mrs. Stevens' maid takes advantage of Mr. Tom Cushing's valet, that is legitimate news, and no objection will be made to its publication, but if Mrs. Stevens herself should cast sheep's eyes at Mr. Cushing, or if Mr. A. should compromise Mr. B.'s wife, or Mr. C. sue his wife for divorce, or Mrs. D. go wrong with a dude—these are matters that concern nobody but the culprits themselves and their most intimate friends.

No wonder the laugh is loud and long at these good people's expense.

Did it never occur to dear old Gerry and his younger friends on the social toboggan slide that a "Society For the Suppression of Vice In the Four Hundred" would cut at the very root of the evil of which they complain, whereas the step they are taking now can only trim off some of the topmost boughs?

There is without doubt a certain amount of reckless newspaper writing going on which every one abominates—and every one reads.

This writing keeps pace with the doings of the day. It is often inaccurate, vulgar and malicious; but, on the other hand, there is so much social evil doing that never finds its way into print at all that the score is pretty even up to date.

I could mention the names of hundreds of prominent New York and Boston families who have never had cause to complain of a single line or word printed to their derogation.

And why? Simply because they have never given the opportunity.

While not making a plea for the society reporter or the scandal loving editor I am sufficiently familiar with their methods to know that they would just as lief print good news of prominent people as bad news.

Bad news sells better than good news, of course. In times of war, tempest, famine, fire and flood the demand for newspapers doubles and trebles.

So it does in times of great social disaster.

The collapse of Duncan, Sherman & Co., the failure of Grant & Ward, the elopement of Herbert Pell and Mrs. Kate Kernochan, the divorce of Mr. and Mrs. Fernando Yznaga and the subsequent marriage of both, the Drayton scandal, the Vanderbilt imbroglio, the Gould fiasco—all these stirring incidents in social life, and thousands of others for which I haven't space, constitute the gossip of the day which is on every one's lips, and which can no more be kept out of the newspapers than a duck can be kept out of water or Ward McAllister out of print.

That is why I advise kind old Gerry and his pretty playmates to begin to trim ship before they yell that they are overpowered by water.

I cannot predict any success for the new society with the object of suppressing bad news about fashionable people.

Murder will out—so will adultery, drunkenness, cheating at cards, dishonorable indebtedness and all the other vices to which flesh is heir.

As I said before, a society that condemns publicity has only to ponder for a moment upon all it does that is not printed and be grateful on its marrow bones that such matters are still personal and have not yet become of public interest.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

AN INTERESTING SLAB.

It Marks the Boundary Between Mexico and the United States.

Under the direction of the boundary survey commission the old marble monument which since 1849 has marked the dividing line between the United States and Mexico at the coast has been brought to the city to be dressed up. For years that monument has been a point of interest and has been visited by thousands of citizens and strangers. Each has apparently felt that no one would believe he or she had been there if some portion of the slab were not carried away to be offered in evidence on all occasions.

The result has been that the marble has been chipped and defaced until its original form is almost lost. It is because of all this that the slab was brought to the city. To work out the effacements the surface would have to be worked down two inches. When redressed, the stone will again be placed in position, but this time it will be protected by a fence of steel pickets. The inclosure will be 12 feet square. The pickets will be 8 feet high, the tops sharply pointed and leaning inward, after the device of some rattraps, so that while it might be possible for an active person to climb in it would require a first class acrobat to climb out over those curving pickets. Besides this a new law makes it a penal offense to mutilate the monuments.

At Tia Juana a similar slab will be erected on the old brick foundation in National avenue, which has long been a landmark there. The Tia Juana monument will be of granite instead of marble, and it will be inclosed with steel pickets, like the one at the coast line.—San Diego Sun.

WHERE THE BRAVEST QUAKE.

And Often the Anticipation Is Worse Than the Realization.

Most men will face a gatling gun with less nervousness than they will a dentist. It is hard to say why, but a dentist's chair is a more terrible object to the average mortal than a surgeon's operating table, and nearly every dentist can tell stories of ordinarily courageous men who have backed out of an engagement at the last minute.

One young Chicagoan, with plenty of nerve ordinarily, knows of a dentist whom he studiously avoids on account of a sudden and unaccountable weakening at the critical moment. And the dentist—well, the dentist would probably like to see the young man. The latter had been troubled with a toothache for about a week and at last made up his mind to have the tooth pulled. To prepare himself for the ordeal he took some liberal doses of whisky and then sought out the dentist. The pain of the tooth, combined with the whisky, had put him in a pretty nervous state, and to quiet him the dentist put him up in an operating chair and put a big tumbler of whisky on the table beside him.

"When you are ready, call me," he said. "I have some work to do in the next room."

Half an hour later the dentist looked in and asked:

"Are you ready?"

"Not yet, doctor," replied the patient.

Another half hour went by, and the doctor tried again, but the patient still wanted more time.

Half an hour or so after that the dentist looked in again, and the patient had gone. So had the whisky. The young man had finished the last of it and still found that he had not enough nerve to undergo the ordeal, so he had quietly got down from the chair, secured his hat and sneaked out.

But that is merely an illustration of what fear of a dentist will make a man do.—Chicago Herald.

VENTILATION FOR EVERYBODY.

The Only Method by Which All Kinds of Cranks Can Be Suited.

One of the greatest difficulties met with in ventilating public buildings and railway cars is to settle the question of how much air shall be admitted or how often the entire cubic contents of an apartment shall be renewed. This from the fact that in the quantity of air required individuals vary greatly. To some the whole ocean of the atmosphere is inadequate, and they do not feel even comfortable unless a Niagara of air is pouring over them.

This is the fresh air fiend, male or female, who opens the car window and swallows dust and cinders (and makes others do the same) for the sake of satisfying their craving. Behind sits doubtless a person to whom the least breath of air in motion is a calamity, yet both of them must make the journey in company. One has just as much right as the other to his views of what is desirable to him, and neither is called upon to give way to the other. One smothers, and the other feels that he or she is about to be blown out of the car.

The only compromise that we can think of that would answer and make ventilation of public rooms a success is to provide an automatic system which shall be variable in different parts of the same room. These parts should be supplied with traps in the floor and have, say, a six second fan blower beneath each trap and be accessible only to fresh air fiends of both sexes.

In the other parts a dead air space, approaching a vacuum, should be maintained, into which a little sulphuret of hydrogen should be injected periodically in order to obtain all the phenomena of bad ventilation for persons of infirm health who are compelled to travel. Then every one would be satisfied—if the plan worked!—Engineer.

Professional Etiquette.

The following is told of the late Sir William Gull as illustrating the doctor's maxim that it is necessary before all else that the patient shall have confidence in his medical adviser.

Being called in haste to a patient under the care of a very young practitioner, Sir William found that brandy and water was being given at intervals, with certain other treatment. The great physician carefully examined the patient and said, "Give him another spoonful of brandy."

He then retired to a private room with the young doctor in charge.

"It is a case of so and so," he said as soon as the door was closed. "You shouldn't have given brandy on any account."

"But," said the junior practitioner in amazement, "I thought, Sir William, that you just told the nurse to give him another spoonful."

"So I did," said the great man, "because we must not destroy his confidence in you, or he'll never feel comfortable or believe anything you tell him again."—London Truth.

A Little Too Late.

Miss Fadd—The meanness of some people is past comprehension.

Mrs. Fadd—What has gone wrong, my love?

Miss Fadd—Last week I was elected an active member of the Young Ladies' Philanthropy club, and I began my ministrations by taking a basket of cold victuals to a poor woman whose name was down on the books. Well, when I got there, I found that some meddlesome busybody had been there two weeks ago and given her work, and I had to carry all that stuff back.—New York Weekly.

He Spoke Too Soon.

"I have heard it said, Miss Emma, that a kiss without love tastes like an egg without salt. Is that true?"

"I don't know—I really cannot—I have never in my life"—

"Come now, Miss Emma!"

"Eaten an egg without salt."—Diluvio.

A FROST FOR A FROST.

Colonel Slupsky Puts a Gentleman on Ice to Take the Chill Off.

The Sabbath calm that usually reigns seven days in the week at the Hon. Jim Cronin's establishment at Twenty-first and Market was violently disturbed early in the week by Colonel Abe Slupsky, the school board reformer, who attempted to kill, murder and slay Mr. F. C. Howard by freezing him to death in Mr. Cronin's icebox. Colonel Slupsky dropped into the saloon with a couple of friends just as Mr. Howard, who seems to have been blowing himself, invited all hands to take something. When he saw the colonel ranging up to the bar, Mr. Howard looked at him severely and said, "Nay, nay, Pauline; it's off!"

"What's off?" queried Slupsky, who had not been aware of Howard's generous intentions.

"Your graft. We are not playing ringers on this track. You're ruled off the course. In other words, such drinks as you pays for you gets; not otherwise. See?"

"I was paralyzed," Abe confided to a friend. "I'd never laid eyes on the fellow in my life before, nor he on me, but I couldn't stand a play of that sort, you know. Great Scott! If I had all the drinks that are coming to me! Well, anyhow, I got a quarter in the darky's hand and whispered him to open that long, low icebox Jim has over against the wall and leave it open, and then I walked up to Mr. Howard and said:

"'I don't know who you are, sir, but you mustn't leave me out of a general treat this way. It hurts my feelings.'

"He said he'd see me gorned first, and with that I caught him, and before he could even begin to cuss any I had him in that icebox, with the cover down. Well, sir, I thought I'd die. He was the most surprised man I ever saw in my life. I guess that icebox was about the last place on this earth he thought he was heading for when he began his play.

"Well, I went to the door and stood there, although at first I intended to keep him there until he agreed to treat me. While they were getting him out and peeling the things off him somebody asked him what he wanted to insult Congressman Frank that way for.

"'Great Scott! Was that Congressman Frank?' he says. 'Let me see him,' and he came to me, with his hand out, saying: 'Congressman, you must forgive me. I had never seen you before, and I'm sorry that I insulted you.'

"I stood on my congressional dignity awhile and asked what my constituents would think of it if they heard I was grafting for a drink, but finally I forgave him, and we all went in and had something. I invited him to come down and see me at my office in the Turner building, and when he calls I guess Nat Frank and he will have a nice time getting themselves straightened out.

"I'd give a dollar to see the interview between 'em."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LABOUCHERE KICKS.

What Some Folks Call Generosity He Declares Is a "Monstrous Job."

The queen's generosity in providing palaces and other residences for foreign princes and princesses at the expense of the British taxpayer is again rousing the ire of Radicals, says a London letter. The scandal has hardly subsided over the thrifty pensioners of her majesty, who have been turning Hampton Court palace into a boarding house, when now it is announced that she has been pleased to grant the studhouse, also at Hampton Court, to Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband, with the benefit of the survivorship. The princess is one of the wealthiest personages in Europe, and she only rarely comes to England for a brief visit. It is announced that the studhouse is to be extensively repaired and improved for her occasional occupation. This moves Mr. Labouchere to remark:

"If this arrangement has really been made, it is a most monstrous job, and one of a peculiarly objectionable kind, as during the reigns of George IV and William IV parliament protested so strongly against such reversionary grants that they were altogether discontinued of late years. However, the queen has privately revived the system of giving royal residences with survivorship, and I am informed that nearly every warrant which has recently been granted has contained the obnoxious reversionary clause. The next sovereign of these realms will have to live a long time before he has either houses or apartments to give away.

"I believe in at least one case the queen has signed a warrant granting what really was an official residence to the wife of the present occupant in case she survives her husband."

Hardships In the Goldfields.

Americans who are thinking to try their fortune in the new Eldorado of western Australia should consider some of the conditions of life in the new goldfields before starting on a fool's errand, says a correspondent. Recent letters are full of doleful tales of hardship. Not more than five men in a hundred are lucky enough to strike it rich, and the region is already vastly overpopulated. The lack of water is the greatest drawback. Water commands 25 cents a gallon at Coolgardie, 37 cents at Hannens and 50 cents elsewhere. In the gold district many horses have died of thirst by the roadside. Five hundred men at Coolgardie are anxious to get work at any wages.

The Record Price For Pictures.

Eleven thousand guineas (something over $55,000) is now the record price paid in an auction room in London for a picture. This amount was realized at Christie's for Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Lady Betty Delmse, sister of the Earl of Carlisle, with her children, a picture which is well known through engravings. It was put up at 5,000 guineas and was secured by Charles Wertheimer, a dealer, for 11,000 guineas.—London Standard.

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.

The Remarkable Case of Mrs. Mary Agnes Wolf of New York.

A remarkable instance where death followed a "broken heart" was recorded at the coroner's office Thursday. Mrs. Mary Agnes Wolf, 32 years old, died at her home on Wednesday evening. Dr. J. A. Sanders, who had last attended her, wrote a certificate that death was due to inanition and heart trouble and excessive grief. The board of health rejected the certificate, and it came to the coroner's office.

At the home of the dead woman it was said that she lived with her husband, George Wolf, an employee of the Metropolitan Traction company. Mary Melvin, the aged mother of the dead woman, had shared their humble apartments since the time of their marriage, five years ago. The mother and daughter had been constant companions all their lives. Melvin, who was an Englishman, died when Mrs. Wolf was an infant.

Last October Mrs. Melvin was stricken with a slow but fatal disease. Day and night the daughter waited upon her till her death, in June last.

For a few days Mrs. Wolf wept incessantly. Then a strange melancholy came over her. She ceased speaking of her dead parent, yet there was evidence of terrible inward grief. Her pining soon began to tell upon her health. Her husband talked with her about the folly of keeping the memory of her dead mother in mind, but she would not be consoled. She stopped going out and gradually ceased to partake of food. After a time she became so weak that she was obliged to take to her bed.

The husband returned nightly from his labor and sat by her bedside, imploring her to cheer up and live for his sake. Although she was sound of mind, she refused to pay any attention to her husband's importunities. Dr. Sanders found the woman suffering from no organic troubles and said that she would recover if properly nourished. He recommended that she be removed to a hospital, where she could better regain her strength. His suggestion was not heeded, because Mrs. Wolf declared she wished to die in the bed in which her mother had died. The doctor told her that he could do nothing more for her unless she took sustenance. She did not answer him, but shook her head. On Wednesday she died.

Mrs. Wolf will be buried in Calvary cemetery today. Dr. Cuff of the coroner's office said Mrs. Wolf's death was due to a broken heart. He said this was an instance where the woman's failure to pour out her grief in tears had brought on the disorders that caused her death.—New York Tribune.

INGRATITUDE OF NATIONS.

An Instance of It Toward a Hero of the Franco-German War.

A pathetic story of national ingratitude has been going the rounds of the London papers, which is interesting enough to be repeated, especially as it concerns those days of intense interest during which Paris was last in siege. Publicity has been given it by the fact that the hero of the incident has just gone into a French hospital in poverty, there to die. The Pall Mall Gazette thus tells the tale:

"When the German lines in the autumn of 1870 were gradually closing their boa constrictor grasp round the doomed capital, Durnof was the hero of the hour. An experienced aeronaut, who had three times been dashed into the sea and had run many other narrow escapes, he proposed, with his balloon, Neptune, to carry a mail out of Paris and to run the gantlet of the beleaguering armies. At daybreak on Sept. 23 he set out on his adventurous journey, the director of the posts assuring him as he handed in the dispatches and the pigeons that his courage and devotion would meet with a splendid reward. Durnof succeeded in his task and landed safe and sound at Evreux, but the poor old Neptune was never fit for another ascent."

Twenty-two years elapsed, but the unhappy aeronaut never received a penny from successive governments. Even his claim for the value of his balloon, which had been used till it was destroyed by the military authorities, failed to obtain the slightest recognition. After a couple of decades he got the bronze medal accorded to all who carried dispatches by balloon, and last year a small monthly grant was made, which barely sufficed to keep him from starvation. Swindlers and impostors of all kinds laid the foundation of future fame and fortune in the siege of Paris, but the first man who opened up communications between the imprisoned inhabitants and the outer world seems likely to die in dishonor and despair.

To Monopolize the Shopping Business.

A company has been organized in New York which will try to monopolize the shopping business. It has made an arrangement with the Broadway cable cars, and, it is said, will try to secure the same right on all the other lines, for the use of their front platforms as news and confectionery stands. On each car it will place a uniformed agent, who will sell the things on hand and will also take orders from the passengers for anything that they may want, from "collar buttons to a dress." The passenger has simply to tell the boy what he wants, and when he boards the car again the commission will be executed. The company proposes to make arrangements with a number of large establishments in the city to fill all orders that it brings in at the lowest possible rates.—New York Times.

The Crater Collapsed.

The great lake in Kilauea overflowed its banks on July 8, and on the 12th the lava fell 270 feet in 12 hours, causing the banks to fall in on all sides and engulfing about eight acres of the floor of the crater. The falling of the banks was going on all day and far into the night and produced a sight indescribably grand.—Honolulu Letter.

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The Emperor and the Yachts.

Emperor William does not sympathize with American ambition to yacht in English waters, says an American, writing from London. Nobody was more pleased than he when his royal uncle's yacht beat the Vigilant. Even the London newspapers felt called upon to explain that the kaiser's visit was purely personal and that his social pleasures or shortcomings among the visitors at Cowes were solely his private affair.

The Browning Slab.

The slab to cover the grave of Robert Browning in Westminster abbey has just been completed in Venice. It is of the oriental porphyry of which the poet was particularly fond. It has been put into a frame of Sienna marble, and the whole, though rich, is of the greatest simplicity. The inscription will consist only of the name and the dates of birth and death, with an English rose at the head and a Florentine lily below.

HESTER IN THE GARDEN.

Fringed with stately gentian stalks,
Cut in strips by narrow walks,
Mistress Hester's garden lies
Prim as Quaker paradise.

Not a blossom pert and gay!
Sober phlox and caraway.
Modest violet and pea,
Keep Miss Hester company.

Morn and eve, in soft gray gown,
Walks she slowly up and down,
With her eyes upon the page
Of some quaint old saint and sage.

What a picture—did she know—
Of the simple long ago!
How her very garments stir
With the scent of lavender!
—James Buckham in Youth's Companion.

MORE SALTY THAN THE DEAD SEA.

A Ton of Great Salt Lake Water Holds About 314 Pounds of Salt.

Water of the Great Salt lake varies greatly in its contents of dissolved solids, depending upon the relation between the supply of water through streams and the evaporation. A fair average of total solids dissolved in the water of the lake at its present mean level is from 19 to 20 per cent by weight. But not all of this is common salt, for besides this ingredient the water contains sodium sulphate (glauber salts), magnesium chloride, calcium sulphate (gypsum) and potassium sulphate. A detailed analysis of water taken from the lake in August, 1888, was made by Dr. Talmage. This contained in all 19.56 per cent dissolved solids, of which 15.74 was common salt. Such water would yield of total solid matter 391 pounds to the ton, and of common salt about 314 pounds to the ton.

The Dead sea contains a greater proportion of solid matter dissolved in its waters than does the Great Salt lake. Much discrepancy exists among published accounts of its contents, the fluctuations in composition being due to the same causes that prevail in our lake—viz, the relation between the supply through inflowing streams and loss by evaporation. A sample taken from a depth of 1,110 feet carries 25.4 per cent of dissolved solids. This corresponds to 528 pounds to the ton, but of this only 7.55 per cent was common salt, or 151 pounds per ton.

Therefore, though the Salt lake carries a lower proportion of dissolved solids of all sorts than does the Dead sea, the lake contains more than double the proportion of salt. The chief solid constituent of the Dead sea water is not sodium chloride (common salt), but magnesium chloride. Strictly speaking, the water of our lake is much "brinier" than that of the Dead sea, common salt being the chief solid dissolved in the lake. Nevertheless the Dead sea is much more highly saturated with solids.—Deseret News.

Meringue Glace "Without Ants."

A man went into the cafe of a Broadway hotel the other day and sat down on a stool in front of the lunch counter. He had been in many of the eating houses, or "beaneries," in the Bowery and Park row and thought he was familiar with the various terms which waiters employ when repeating a customer's order, but he had a surprise in store for him. When he had finished his luncheon, he told the waiter he would like a meringue glace by way of dessert. The proud and haughty person behind the counter stiffened his spinal column, and in loud and commanding tones said:

"John, meringue glace!"

One of the menials outside the counter sped on the errand with lightning-like rapidity, and after apparently making the delicacy returned with it. On close examination by the customer it was found that numerous small red ants were racing over it. He mentioned the fact to the waiter.

"What," he exclaimed in a horrified tone, "ants? Dear, dear!" Then he called again: "John, John, come here. Look at this! Get a meringue glace without ants!"

"What?" said John in a dazed way, while every man in the room turned his head and snickered.

"Get a meringue glace without ants," repeated the proud and haughty one, with emphasis, "and hurry up about it too."

So John removed the small convention of insects and soon returned with a meringue glace "without ants."—New York Tribune.

Anticipated.

Lord Chesterfield, being one day asked by Sir Thomas Robinson, familiarly known as "Long Sir Thomas," to write some verses upon him, produced the epigram:

Unlike my subject, now shall be my song.
It shall be witty, and it shan't be long.

This individual was noted for being a bore and made himself very troublesome to the Duke of Newcastle, continually calling on the minister, and when told that his grace was gone out he would ask to be admitted to look at the clock, or to play with the monkey, in the hope of seeing the duke. But one day the porter, without waiting for what he had to say, dismissed him with these words, "Sir, his grace has gone out, the clock stands and the monkey is dead."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Foreign News From Afar.

By way of a London paper it is learned that an American woman has lately received what must be termed the most original of wedding presents. It is a musical dinner service, of which each plate begins to play a tune when put upon the table. The soup plates are accredited with marches as suiting the temper of the guests at that moment of solemnity, but as dinner progresses and the wine and courses do their enlivening work the harmonies brighten accordingly till at dessert the covers are ringing out the maddest of polkas and galops.

He Kept Lace.

"Yes, sir," said the clerk briskly, "we have lace of all kinds. Would you like to see valenciennes or point lace?"

"It's a shoelace I want," explained the customer.—Detroit Free Press.

A STREET CAR INCIDENT.

In Which a Chivalrous Little Man Makes a Big Mistake.

He was a little man, but his firm, quick step and erect head showed that he weighed 16 ounces to the pound and had all the confidence of a man weighing 200 pounds.

He stopped on the corner till a street car came along and stepped aboard.

The car was full, and several people were standing. He took hold of a strap and looked over the crowd and saw that several women were standing while a number of men were occupying comfortable seats.

It riled him to see it, and when his eye fell upon a pale faced little woman holding on to a strap, while a large, lazy looking man sat near by, he could not remain silent.

"See here," said he to the big man, "here is a lady standing while you have a seat."

"Yes," said the big man.

"Well, don't you think you ought to give up your seat to this woman, who has probably been hard at work during the day?"

"No."

"You don't?"

"I do not."

"Well," said the little man as he braced himself, "I do, and I am going to yank you clean out of this car."

He grabbed the big man by the collar and proceeded to drag him off the seat, but was interrupted by the woman, who grabbed him by the hair.

"Hold on!" cried the little man.

"That's what I'm doing," said the woman.

"But I mean let up on this. What do you mean by attacking me?"

"Look-a-here," said the female, "I didn't ask you to get me a seat. Besides I want you to know that man you have hold of is my husband."

The little man let go of the big man, and the woman let go her hold on the hair, and order was restored, but the little man was quiet until he reached the end of his route, when he left the car, when he was heard to mutter, "And such is life!"—Peck's Sun.

EVOLUTION OF NIAGARA.

The Estimates as to the Age of the World Famous Cataract.

Professor J. W. Spencer says the first conjecture as to the age of Niagara falls was made by Andrew Ellicott in 1790. Ellicott believed the falls to be 55,000 years old. About 1841 Lyle estimated the age of the falls as 35,000 years. All of these early estimates were purely conjecture, but they were correct in assuming that the gorge had been excavated by the river. Professor Spencer, in outlining the progress of the falls, says that a little stream draining the Erie basin once fell about 200 feet above the brow of the Niagara escarpment. This stream was not over one-fourth the volume of the recent cataract and consequently excavated the gorge at a much slower rate than at present.

During the early history of the river the waters of the three upper lakes emptied through the Huron basin by way of the Ottawa river. The height of the falls has increased several times. The first episode, represented by a small river falling 200 feet, lasted about 11,000 years. Then the height of the falls was increased to 400 feet and took the drainage of the upper great lakes. At the same time there was a series of cascades, three in all, the lower gaining on the upper until finally they were all united in one great cataract much higher than that of today.

Subsequently the waters were raised at the head of Lake Ontario, and the falls approximated to the present conditions after a lapse of 17,000 years from the end of the first episode. The age of the present falls is put at 1,000 years, and another 1,000 years was probably occupied by transitional changes of a very gradual character. It is now 8,000 years since Lake Huron emptied into Lake Erie for the first time. The land has risen about the outlet of Lake Erie, and if the present rate of change continues in 5,000 or 6,000 years the waters of the four upper lakes will be turned into the Mississippi river drainage at Chicago.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Do Trees Require Sleep?

In the larger cities, where shade trees are few and scattering, electric lights seem to have no visible effect upon their foliage. In the towns and villages, however, many of which have their electric light systems, the effect is very noticeable, the leaves appearing as though they had been subjected to the blighting breath of a harmattan. The question was recently discussed at a meeting of the eastern aboriculturists, the conclusion being that trees need darkness in order that they may sleep, and that being continually kept awake and active they have been worn out and made prematurely old by the action of the light. That this is probably the correct solution of the mystery of the drooping leaves may be judged from the fact that similar trees in the neighborhood of those affected, though not exposed to the illumination, still retain their color and seem bright and strong.—St. Louis Republic.

Tolstoi and the Czar.

It is said that after the first incendiary articles of Tolstoi the czar sent for him and advised him to desist. "Will your majesty," Tolstoi is reported to have said, "doff for an instant your imperial mantle and judge my works as a mere man? If a single word of my writings offend your majesty's human sense, I will cut off my right hand." Alexander III became very thoughtful, did not reply and affably dismissed the greatest living apostle of the social Christian idea.—New York Journal.

The Chaos of Good Order.

Wife—Dear me, you can never find a thing without asking me where it is. How did you get along before you were married?

Husband—Things staid where they were put then.—New York Weekly.

ROYALTY AND THE LAW.

The Queen of England and Her Son as Candidates For the Criminal Dock.

The bazaar in aid of the fund for rebuilding the Crathie church, near Balmoral, was held under the patronage of the queen, who also gave two plaited straw baskets made by her own royal hands. These precious presents were naturally made much of, and with the queen's approval were disposed of by a raffle, although the gaming laws distinctly specify raffling as illegal. The question arises, Has her majesty, by aiding and abetting it, made herself liable to prosecution before a magistrate? Lawyers have no doubt about it, but it does not follow that the law will be set in motion. The British constitution would scarcely survive the shock of the spectacle of the empress-queen in a criminal dock and possibly fined 40 shillings or a month at hard labor.

But while nobody is disposed to take action against the queen for conniving at a mild form of gambling plenty of people would not be sorry to see her son, lieutenant general, his royal highness the Duke of Connaught, tried by court martial for risking the lives of the men under his command. The duke is commander in chief of the Aldershot district. On Wednesday he and his wife went to the military balloon ground in order to christen a new balloon to be named after the duchess. The weather had been threatening thunderstorms, and the atmosphere was heavily charged with electricity. Nevertheless it would never do to disappoint the duchess. So, just as the storm was about to break, the balloon was sent up 300 feet and anchored by a steel rope held by three sappers. The result, as might have been expected, was that the lightning struck the balloon, rushed down the steel conductor and horribly mangled the unfortunate sappers. The question every one asked is why the ceremony was not postponed, seeing that danger was palpable to the meanest understanding. The demand for a court martial is very general and will probably be acceded to, but it may be safely predicted that the prisoner will not be the general commanding, but some inferior officer.—London Cor. New York Sun.

BLASTING THE PALISADES.

Contractors Destroying Their Beauty to Get Out Granite Blocks.

Until comparatively recently the Palisades escaped the ruthless hands of contractors and quarrymen, despite the fact that there are few spots in the country where richer deposits of granite are to be found. A few quarries within the last five years have sprung up at Fort Lee, but they have all been located away back from the Palisades, and the front of these beautiful hills have been unmolested. Now, however, a firm of contractors, by exploding dynamite, 3,000 pounds at a time, is gradually making huge excavations in front of the Palisades, which will in the course of a very few months transform the historic Palisades from things of beauty to ordinary stone quarries.

Nothing that the lovers of natural scenery can do will in any way stop the destructive work from going on. The Palisades are private property, and that part of them which is at present being torn open by high explosives has been leased by the owners to contractors, whose love of the beautiful pales into insignificance beside their business instinct.

Aside from the destruction of the Palisades, the work going on in the quarries at Fort Lee is of moment on account of the enormous amount of dynamite which is being exploded there. People marveled at the explosion of 500 pounds of dynamite in a projectile thrown by a pneumatic gun at Sandy Hook some weeks ago. Six times that much was exploded at Fort Lee on Thursday at noon and again on Friday at the same hour, and although it was not thrown from a gun neither did it explode in the water, but in a solid bed of granite. The terrific force of these two explosions cannot be imagined by anybody who was not in Fort Lee to hear them, or who has not since visited the quarries to see their effect. The little village of Fort Lee shook as though an earthquake had visited it, and strangers in the place who were unaware that blasting was going on in the vicinity were firmly convinced that some convulsion of nature had occurred.—New York Sun.

The Fires Will Make Work For Many.

"What is the probable loss from the fire on pine stumpage throughout the state?" was asked of a leading logger.

"The loss is in one sense nominal," replied he. "You understand, fire does not burn the body of a pine tree. It only burns off the bark and foliage. The trunk of the burned tree is as good as ever it was, with this exception—the tree, after it is burned, must be cut the succeeding winter, else it will become worm eaten and worthless.

"This fire is a blessing in disguise to labor. Every owner of burned pine stumpage must go to work this coming winter and cut every foot of it, and many of these owners are forced to cut perhaps hundreds of millions of feet of stumpage they would not otherwise have cut for years to come. They are, you see, forced to employ immense crews of men they would not otherwise have had use for."—St. Paul Globe.

The Gracious Czar.

The czar has just issued his approval of the institution of dueling in the army. The commander in chief at Kiev, in issuing the new dueling code, says: "The czar has conferred upon us a new mark of his imperial grace in granting us the right to defend with arms in our hands that which is most precious to all of us—our honor. This gracious act on the part of his majesty makes it our duty, still more than heretofore, so to regulate our conduct and manners alike in official and social intercourse as to obviate all inimical misunderstandings and frivolous quarrels."—Moscow Letter.

MAN AND NATURE.

The mountains, and the forests, and the seas,
Oldest of mourners, with pathetic tone,
Have each a natural music, all their own.
Set in accord with human destinies,
Sad, tender, manifold. What is more sweet
Than woodland melodies at noon? More mild
Than dimpled ocean, like a laughing child
That lisps and rolls a jewel to our feet,
Breathlessly calm? And then, within an hour,
Behold that selfsame ocean on the shore
Lashes; the forest quakes; with deafening power
The rocks are rent. Then, oh! amid that roar,
Awestruck we sink, we fall upon our knees,
Ye mountains, and ye forests, and ye seas!

The mountains, and the forests, and the seas
Have each their music, with our mortal lot
In sympathy, to soothe, exalt, appease.
Of worldwide sweetness, tender reveries,
And man, too, has his music, has a note
Dirges of buried blisses unforgot,
Rejoicing pæans, glorious symphonies.
But all of them lack something—they have not
The voice once heard in Eden. And the ear,
Pleased with rich sound, is as when some one sings
In a great court before a king of kings.
He closes, and of rapture born a cheer
Shakes the high roof, but when the Lord of all
Speaks there is awe and silence in the hall.
—A. G. B. in Spectator.

HEAVENS OF THE HINDOOS.

The Four Degrees of Bliss to Which the Departed Spirits Pass.

The Jews believe in a plurality of heavens, and so do the Hindoos, the former reckoning seven, the latter but four. These four special abodes of the righteous after death each has its name. The first is called Sara-loga, "God's world;" the second, Sameeba, "Near to God;" the third, Sarobam, "God's image," and the fourth, Sayutcheyam, which signifies "to be absorbed in him."

To Sara-loga, the first degree of bliss, go the souls of all of those who have ever made a pilgrimage to a holy place or who have paid for the temple lights for one month. In Sara-loga there is great happiness and no work or sickness. The inmate is allowed to read the five sacred books, drink ambrosia and hear the houris sing.

To Sameeba go the spirits of all Keerikarar, or workers in the Brahman cause; also those who forego the comforts of this life, such as sleeping in a recumbent position, eating sufficiently, etc. Their happiness consists chiefly of continually praising God.

To Sorobam, the third heaven, go the souls of such as never spoil God's model by shaving or paring the nails. These are the Brahman Yogis. They wander about the earth, always going from left to right. They eat nothing but nauseous food and live in a constant state of abstraction on divine subjects.

The fourth heaven, Sayutcheyam, is the coming abode of the "nyane," or philosophers. These nyane pay no attention to heat or cold, never bathe and often go for weeks without food. If they are sick, no one knows it but themselves. They are the stoics of the world of today and believe that in Sayutcheyam they will eventually be absorbed in the Deity.—St. Louis Republic.

Trials of a Fireman.

"The public sometimes makes me very tired," remarked a fireman a day or two ago. "How's that? What kick have you coming about the dear public?" "Why, it never takes into account that we have to work. It seems to have a gilt edged idea that we sit around the front of the engine house in our shirt sleeves and smoke and tell stories, occasionally getting up and going out to a fire by way of general amusement. I have known it entertained this idea for some time, but I was never called on to untangle it as I was today, when a city official—a city official, mind you—passed our house, and getting into conversation with a few of us asked in his blandest and most guileless way if we did day or night duty. It gave me the most supreme satisfaction to inform the gentleman that we worked day, night—all the time—Sundays, Christmas, Fourth of July and St. Patrick's day. He even seemed surprised to know that we slept in the house.

"I've had a dozen others ask me the same question, and the other night a brilliant citizen sailed into the house and capered up stairs like a load of bricks falling on a tin roof. One of the boys told him to keep quiet or he'd wake the men. 'Why, does anybody sleep here?' he asked in the most cheerfully idiotic way. 'Does anybody sleep here?' We people grow very weary of being compared to the police force about having work to do. There's only one out of every 400 that knows what a fireman's work is anyway."—Ohio State Journal.

The Eskimo and the Walrus.

To the Eskimo the walrus is the same all in all that the buffalo was to the Indian, that the camel is to the Arab and the reindeer to the Korak. Its flesh feeds him. Its tough hide covers his boots, his shell-like kayak and his big, clumsy bidarrah, and cut into strips it makes his harpoon lines and dog harness. Its oil furnishes him light and fire. Its ivory tusks are legal tender for all sorts of civilized luxuries, such as iron and steel for spearheads, knives and even guns. Certain tissues make good mackintoshes for Mr. and Mrs. Innuit, and the flipper bottoms of the walrus make good sole leather for the hunter also.—St. Nicholas.

Tennyson and Pictures.

The late Lord Tennyson was not credited with much admiration for pictorial art. Lord John Russell met him on his return from Italy and asked how he enjoyed the pictures and works of art in Florence. "I liked them very much," said Tennyson, "but I was bothered because I could not get any English tobacco for love or money. A lady told me I could smuggle some from an English ship if I heavily bribed the custom house officers, but I didn't do that and came away."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The house of the late Charles O'Conor, at Nantucket, should possess especial interest for women on account of its being without closets. The architect was a young relative of Mr. O'Conor, and the house was finished before either man noticed the deficiency.

HATCHED IN A SNAKE.

A Tough Yarn of How a Serpent Acted as an Ostrich Incubator.

Five years ago, living in west Leavenworth, was a German of the name of Cheesmeyer who was very much interested in various methods of incubation. The thought occurred to him one day that eggs properly handled could be hatched in the sun, and desiring to thoroughly test his idea he wrote to his brother, living in southern California, to express to him post haste three ostrich eggs. The eggs arrived in due time, were carefully arranged on a sheepskin mat and placed in the sun. It was necessary, of course, to remove the eggs every night to some warm spot in the stable in order to maintain the high temperature to which they were subjected by the sun during the day.

This process had been continued for some time, when one day a circus arrived in town and pitched its tents on what is called the old Goosetown hill, a little south and to the west of the house of Mr. Cheesmeyer. The good people of Leavenworth were very much frightened by reading in the morning papers the day following an article to the effect that one of the attaches of the circus, in feeding the snakes after the evening's performance, very carelessly left the cage door open and that the largest boa constrictor had escaped in the darkness. People residing in the vicinity of the circus grounds were naturally much exercised for some days over the escape of the snake, but the excitement gradually abated.

On the morning the story of the escaped snake appeared in the local papers Mr. Cheesmeyer went as usual to the barn for the eggs, with the intention of again putting them in the sun. To his great surprise, no eggs were to be seen, but in their place lay the head of a strange looking animal, appearing to be 26 or 27 feet in length. Mr. Cheesmeyer was a courageous man and resolved at once to capture the strange appearing creature. After several attempts he succeeded in throwing a rope over its head, which was no other than the escaped boa constrictor.

Its long captivity had made it quite docile, and Mr. Cheesmeyer experienced but little difficulty in replacing after a few hours the rope with a chain. To one end of the chain was attached an iron band, which was fastened around the body of the snake to serve as a collar, while the other end of the chain was fastened to a stake driven deep in the ground in the center of the yard. In this manner the snake was kept and governed with little difficulty. So engrossed did the German become in his curiosity that all thoughts of incubators and the missing ostrich eggs entirely escaped him. The snake was fed regularly three times a day and soon manifested a knowledge of the approach of mealtime. In an incredibly short time it had learned to rear up and catch on the fly food thrown to it by its master. Just 10 days from the time of capture, as the evening meal was being served to the reptile, a large bone was among the other food tossed to it.

As it opened wide its mouth to grasp the bone Mr. Cheesmeyer was greatly startled at seeing between the widely open jaws of the snake a feathery animal. The plumed creature continued its journey through the precarious exit and walked calmly into the yard, followed by another and finally by a third. Think of it, real live birds making their entrance into the world through the mouth of a boa constrictor! These strange birds proved to be ostriches. Their appearance accounted for the disappearance of three ostrich eggs. At St. Charles, Mo., in a small barn in the outskirts of the town, the three ostriches may still be seen. One of them has been taught to dance to the music of a hand organ, but up to the present time all efforts to educate the other two have been unavailing.—Chicago Post.

Dehumanized Biology.

Charles Reade, who said so many wise and philosophic things, said one wise thing which might be written in letters of gold on every building in every city. I quote from memory: "When you go into a room, you fancy everybody there is observing and noticing everything about you. But they are not. They are doing just what you are doing—thinking about themselves."

Darwin applied that self same principle to plants and animals. "You men fancy," he said in effect, "every other species is thinking about you and working for you; that corn and fruit trees bring forth grain and apples entirely for your sake; that thorns and thistles are trying on purpose to hurt and spite you. But they are not. They are doing just what you are doing—thinking about themselves, working for their own kind and their own offspring. Not for you or yours does any part or organ of any plant or animal exist, but simply and solely for that plant or animal. Each species tries to utilize other species for its own objects, but it never does anything for the sake of that other species—any more than you sow corn or plant pippins out of abstract love for the wheat plant or the apple tree."

And because Darwin says he became the Copernicus of zoology and botany he decentralized and dehumanized biological conceptions.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

An Experience Which Decided One Man In Forever Discrediting It.

"I do not believe that it is right to convict a prisoner on circumstantial evidence," said a prominent citizen. "Whenever I am inclined to believe a man guilty, I always remember an experience in my own life when, if I had been tried for murder on circumstantial evidence, I would have been proved guilty. Years ago I was living in another city. I was married to my second wife, and it was neighborhood talk that we did not agree on account of property and my children. We had had several quarrels, and our domestic relations were rather strained. My wife became desperately ill of fever, and it left her mind in rather a shattered state.

"She had become well enough one day to go out for a drive, and I of course accompanied her. We lived in a large house alone, and on returning she started up the front steps, and as she was weak I took hold of her to assist her. Just as I did so a former servant girl passed along, and she looked surprised, as my wife suddenly writhed in agony. She had rheumatism, and my grasping her caused her to feel very sensitively my touch and to almost shriek in pain. However, I managed to get her up to her bedroom, on the second story, and after she had lain down I went down to the stable to feed my horse.

"I was out of the house only a few seconds when I heard cries of help and saw several neighbors rush into my yard. I went hastily in the direction indicated, and, to my horror, found my wife lying prostrate under an open window in the side yard. She had fallen on the top of her head and would have had her brains dashed out, but by good fortune her head struck the soft soil of a flower bed. As it was, she was unconscious for several days, and I heard from various sources that ugly reports had been circulated to the effect that I had been seen by the servant referred to choking my wife, and that I had taken her up stairs and had pitched her out the window.

"Of course I knew that I was innocent, but how could I prove it? For weeks I passed through the most awful anxiety that any man ever did experience. The officers were shadowing my every movement, I knew, and I felt that all would be over with me if my wife should die. However, to my great joy, she recovered, and with her own lips told how the whole thing happened. I was at once reinstated in the good opinion of my friends, but sometimes I tremble even now when I think of what a narrow escape I had from being convicted of murder. I tell you appearances are often against the innocent, and this incident has always made me very charitable in my estimates of whether a man is guilty or not."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Bachelor's Fate.

A lonely old bachelor in Atchison sat on his porch the other evening, and in his great lonelinesss and desire to be made much of by one woman made up his mind that he would ask the seventh woman who passed, if unencumbered by a husband, to marry him. The first was a girl who wore red slippers and black stockings. The bachelor was critical and congratulated himself that he had said seventh instead of first.

The second had a dude by the arm. The third wore glasses and looked coldly at the giggling couple ahead of her. "Might as well go into the ice business," thought the bachelor. The fourth had three children with her and talked about papa as she passed the gate. The fifth wore widow's weeds. The sixth was such a modest, pretty girl of 16 that the bachelor wondered if he hadn't said sixth instead of seventh. Several minutes elapsed before the seventh came into view.

She had a graceful walk, and a nearer view showed she was not bad looking. "Might have done worse," he thought. She stopped as she reached the gate, turned and walked up the path. "By Jove, she is coming to take possession!" said the bachelor. "I have come," said the woman in a voice that somehow made the bachelor's blood chill, "to ask your influence in favor of the constitutional amendment." The bachelor gave a horse yell, threw up his legs and fled.—Atchison Globe.

A Satirical Picture In a Church.

There is probably only one church in Britain which contains a satirical picture. It is the little church of South Brent, in Somersetshire. On three oaken pews are carved pictures which were intended to satirize the greed of a certain religious dignitary at Glastonbury. This ecclesiastic is represented in the first picture as a fox dressed in robes and miter and holding a crook in his right paw. In the second picture the fox has been manacled by a flock of geese, and in the third the birds have revenged themselves on their foe by hanging him from the branch of a tree.—London Correspondent.

What He Lacked.

"My husband has all the virtues but one," remarked the wife of a struggling young doctor.

"What is that?" asked her sympathetic friend.

"Patients," replied the young wife.—New York Telegram.

The India Rubber Variety.

Guest—Waiter, bring me a steak and some mushrooms.

Waiter—Yes, sah. You'll have to wait a few minutes foh de mushrooms, sah. They are being used on a steak foh another customer jes' now, sah.—New York Herald.

The brother of Cetewayo, according to Rider Haggard, was at one time almost persuaded to become a Christian, but when he was told that he must put away his wives he refused to accept the condition.

The average growth in white oak is only about four one-hundredths of an inch a year.

LAW AND LAWYERS.

A PROFESSION IN WHICH MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN.

Difficulties Which Confront Young Barristers—How Literature and Politics Affect the Lawyer's Prospects—He Need Not Necessarily Be a Rascal.

Mr. Richard Devereux Doyle, a prominent member of the Norfolk bar, contributes to The Southern Magazine an article entitled "My Impressions of Law and Lawyers," which will prove very interesting to laymen as well as to members of the legal profession. Mr. Doyle discusses his theme instructively, entertainingly and with judicial impartiality and candor. He refers to the "Confessions of a Junior Barrister," by the brilliant Richard Lalor Shiel, as embodying the early experiences of many hopeful and talented young lawyers.

"How many," says Mr. Doyle, "have passed through a similar course of study and preparation, perhaps graduating in the humanities as well as the law, bearing away the prize for elocution and oratory at some of our great institutions of learning! How many have thought that such talents as theirs were sure to command early if not immediate success, and, alas! how many have been disappointed!" differing, it may be added, in this respect from Shiel, who passed safely through the depressing period of waiting and probation which tries the soul of the ordinary legal neophyte, and who won the distinction of which he had dreamed at the outset of his career.

Many of this grand army of the disappointed fail, Mr. Doyle thinks, not because they are lacking in "genuine talent" which is "frequently of a high order," but "because there are so many other elements that should but do not enter into the calculation" of the youthful aspirant. Youth, for one thing, "is too sanguine and expects too much. Some fail because of their bad personal habits; some by infirm health and too hard study and confinement are stricken down, like poor Kirk White, 'when life is in its spring;' some are not politic enough to woo the world, but hold proudly aloof, trusting to their talents and knowledge, while the busy world goes bustling by without stopping to look at their credentials." Some stray into the pleasant and flowery paths of literature and some into the seductive field of politics.

"A literary reputation," Mr. Doyle declares, "is perhaps more dangerous than a political one, especially if one is given, like Mr. Wegg, to dropping into poetry. The age is too practical for a successful combination of law and literature. A lawyer may and should be cultivated, but he must not be known as a litterateur or a poet." Nor will it do for the young lawyer to seek to make himself known by going into politics. To do so "is a risky venture for one who intends to make law the profession of a lifetime, and even a reputation for political oratory is of little if any benefit to a lawyer. The public soon come to regard him as a politician and may be willing to vote with him or for him, but not to give him business."

Turning from the causes of failure to the qualities important to what is ordinarily deemed success, Mr. Doyle summarizes them as follows: "Love of the profession and evident desire to get business and attention to it when in hand; industry and the appearance of industry and good native sense, with an aggressive and partisan temperament. Fluency of speech, eloquence of diction and genuine oratorical talent are useful, but not essential." This partisan and aggressive spirit, which is akin to what Lord Bacon calls "boldness," Mr. Doyle considers a particularly important element of success. "Men 'hire' lawyers, as the expression is among the people, to attend to their business and to fight their battles, right or wrong, and the lawyer who goes into a case thoroughly imbued with the client's feelings, believing or making believe that he is certainly right and the other party an unmitigated rascal, is sure to please."

As to the ethical side of the law, Mr. Doyle admits that much may be said pro and con. One of the demoralizing features of the profession is that "a lawyer cannot choose his cases." He is sometimes on the wrong side, the side of falsehood and injustice, and when on the wrong side "there is almost irresistible temptation to express belief in the justice of his cause, and lawyers too often yield to it, thus giving some ground for the popular accusation that lawyers lie for their clients." After all, whether "the law is a noble and elevating profession" "depends upon the man." There is nothing in the nature of his profession which compels a lawyer to be a rascal. It has its temptations, but so has every other business.

Many hard things have been said of lawyers, but the account is nearly balanced by the complimentary things that they have said of themselves and of their profession. Sir Edward Coke speaks of "the gladsome light of jurisprudence," and a lack of self appreciation is not in general one of the defects of the disciples of the law. They have, however, the consolation of knowing that in spite of all the abuse to which they have been subjected by satirical writers and poets they are not only useful but essential members of society, and that those who abuse them most are generally the very first to rush to the lawyers to avenge or protect them in their hour of need.—Baltimore Sun.

Theta Orionis.

In the constellation of Orion there is a star known as Theta Orionis, which, when viewed through a powerful telescope, appears as a sextuple star, thus presenting the magnificent panorama of seven stars revolving about each other. It is to be supposed that each of these suns is encircled by planets, and these again by moons.

THEN AND NOW.

It's funny what a different thing
It is when you are busted
From times when you could squander wealth,
And fellow humans trusted
For smiles and kindly things, which cost
Them not a single cent,
And a return for what you did
You'd scorn to think was meant.

But get there, and you soon will find
That those who drank your wine
When you can only put up beer
Are certain to decline.
But why, when you've no funds for beer,
You offer them your hand
They coldly nod and pass you by
Is hard to understand.

It must be that they're made that way
And can't help acting mean,
And likely that their soul's so small
It never could be seen
As fit, when they are dead and gone,
With toes turned to the daisies,
For any better fate than that
Of everlasting blazes!

—Sam Turner in Brooklyn Eagle.

SIR DINAR.

A puff of northeast wind shot over the hill, detaching the last December leaf from the sycamore on its summit, and swooped like a wave upon the roofs and chimney stacks below. The smoke ascending through the chimneys was caught midway and driven back with showers of soot and wood ash, discomfiting the townsmen who lingered by their hearths to read the morning paper. The blast, its strength thus broken, fell flat upon the macadam of the main street, scattering its fine dust into fan shaped figures, then died away westward in eddies. Among these eddies the sycamore leaf danced and twirled, now shooting along the ground upon its edge, like a tin disk, now whisked up to the level of the first story windows. A nurse, holding up a 3-year-old child behind the pane, called out, pointing after the leaf:

"Look—there goes Sir Dinar!"

Now the legend of Sir Dinar is as old as the round table, though later touches, easily detected, have been added to it. And this is how they tell it:

Sir Dinar was the first son and comeliest of King Geraint, who had left Arthur's court for his own castle above Portscathoin-Roseland and was buried, when his time came, over the Nare, in his golden boat, with his silver oars beside him. To fill his seat at the round table he sent, in the lad's sixteenth year, this Dinar, who, in two years, was made knight by King Arthur, and in the third was turned an old man before he had achieved a single deed of note, as is to be shown.

For on the fifth day after he was dubbed knight, upon the feast of Pentecost, there began the great quest of the Sancgrael, which took Sir Lancelot from the court, Sir Perceval, Sir Bors, Sir Gawaine, Sir Galahad and the flower of Arthur's knights. And because, after their going, it was all sad cheer at Camelot, and heavy, empty days Sir Dinar took two of his best friends aside, both young knights, Sir Galhaltin and Sir Ozanna le Cœur Hardi, and spoke to them of riding from the court by stealth, "for," he said, "we have many days before us, and no villainy upon our conscience, and besides are eager. Who knows, then, but we may achieve this adventure of the Sancgrael?" So they listened and imparted it to another, Sir Sentrail, and the four rode forth privily one morning before the dawn and set their faces northward.

Now, the day of their setting out was that next after Christmas and is the feast of Stephen the Martyr, and as they rode through a thick wood it came into Sir Dinar's mind that upon this day it was right to kill any bird that flew in remembrance that, when St. Stephen had all but escaped from the soldiers who guarded him, a small bird had sung in their ears and awakened them. By this the sky was growing white with the morning, but nothing yet clear to the sight, and while they pressed forward under the naked boughs, their horses' hoofs crackling the frozen undergrowth beneath them, Sir Dinar was aware of a bird's wing ruffling ahead and let fly a bolt without warning his companions why he did this, who had forgotten what morning it was and drew rein in their astonishment.

But pressing forward in a minute they came upon a gerfalcon lying, with long lunes hanging about his feet and through his breast the hole that Sir Dinar's bolt had made. While they stooped over this bird the sun got up, and lifting their heads they saw a green glade before them, and in the midst of the glade three pavilions set, each of red sendal, that shone at the first touch of the morning. In the first pavilion slept seven knights, and in the second a score of damsels, but by the door of the third stood a lady, fair and tall, in a robe of samite, who, as they drew near to accost her, inquired of them:

"Which of you four has slain my gerfalcon?"

And when Sir Dinar confessed and began to make his excuse, "Silly knight," said she, "who couldst not guess that my falcon, too, was abroad to avenge the blessed Stephen! Or dost think that it was a hawk, of all birds, that sang a sweet melody in the ears of his guards?"

With that she laughed, as if pacified, and asked of their affairs, and being told that they rode in search of the Sancgrael she laughed again, saying:

"Silly knights all, that seek it before you be bearded! For three of you must faint and die on the quest, and you, sir," turning to Sir Dinar, "must many times long to die, yet never reach nearer by a foot."

"Let it be as God will," answered Sir Dinar. "But hast thou any tidings to guide us?"

"I have heard," said she, "that it was seen latest in the land of Gore, beyond Trent water." And with her white finger she pointed down a narrow glade that led to the northwest. So they thanked her and pricked on, none guessing that she herself was King Urience's wife of Gore, and none other than Queen Morgan le Fay, the famous enchantress, who for loss of her gerfalcon was lightly sending Sir Dinar to his ruin.

So all that day they rode, two and two, in the strait alley that she had pointed out, and by her enchantments she made the winter trees to move with them, serried close on either hand, so that, though the four knights wist nothing of it, they advanced not a furlong for all their haste. But toward nightfall there appeared close ahead a blaze of windows lit and then a tall castle with dim towers soaring up and shaking to the din of minstrelsy. And finding a great company about the doors they lit down from their horses and stepped into the great hall, Sir Dinar leading them. For awhile their eyes were dazed, seeing that sconces flared in every window, and the place was full of knights and damsels brightly clad, and the floor shone. But while they were yet blinking a band of maidens came and unbuckled their arms and cast a shining cloak upon each, which was hardly done when a lady came toward them out of the throng, and though she was truly the Queen Morgan le Fay they knew her not at all, for by her necromancy she had altered her countenance.

"Come, dance," said she, "for in an instant the musicians will begin."

Now the other three knights tarried awhile, being weary, but Sir Dinar stepped forward and caught the hand of a damsel, and she, as she gave it, laughed in his eyes. She was dressed all in scarlet, with scarlet shoes, and the hair lay on her shoulders like burnished gold. As Sir Dinar set his arm around her with a crash the merry band began, and floating out with him into the dance, her red shoes twinkling and her tossed hair shaking spices under his nostrils, she leaned back a little in his arms and laughed again.

It happened that Sir Galhaltin, leaning by the doorway, heard the laugh and saw her feet twinkle like blood red moths, and he called to Sir Dinar. But Sir Dinar heard nothing, nor did any of the dancers turn their heads, though he called again more loudly. Then Sir Sentrail and Sir Ozanna also began to call, fearing they knew not what for their comrade. But the guests still drifted by as they were ghosts, and Sir Dinar, with the red blood showing beneath the down on his cheeks, smiled and whirled with the woman upon his arm.

By and by his breath came shortly, and he would have rested, but she denied him.

"For a moment," he said, "because I have ridden far today."

But she hung the more heavily upon his arm, and still the music went on. And now, gazing upon her, he was frightened, for it seemed she was growing older under his eyes, with deep lines sinking into her face, and the flesh of her neck and bosom shriveling up so that the skin hung loose and gathered in wrinkles. And now he heard the voices of his companions calling about the door and would have cast off the sorceress and run to them. But when he tried, his arm was welded around her waist, nor could he stay his feet.

The three knights now, seeing sweat upon his face, and the looks he cast toward them, would have broken in and freed him, but they, too, were by enchantment held there in the doorway. So, with their eyes starting, they must needs stay there and watch it all, and while they stood the boards became as molten brass under Sir Dinar's feet, and the hag slowly withered in his embrace, and still the music played, and the other dancers cast him never a look as he whirled round and round again. But at length, with never a stay in the music, his partner's feet trailed heavily, and bending forward she shook her white locks clear of her gaunt eyes, and laughed a third time, bringing her lips close to his. And the poison of death was in her lips as she kissed him upon the mouth. With that kiss there was a crash, the lights went out, and the music died away in a wail, and the three knights by the door were caught away suddenly and stunned by a great wind.

Awaking, they found themselves lying in the glade where they had come upon the three red pavilions. Their horses were cropping at the turf beside them, and Sir Dinar's horse stood in sight a little way off. But Sir Dinar himself was deep in the forest, twirling and spinning among the rotten leaves, and on his arm hung a corrupting corpse. For a whole day they sought him and found him not (for he heard nothing of their shouts), and toward evening mounted and rode forward after the Sancgrael, on which quest they died, all three, each in his turn.

But Sir Dinar remained and twirled and skipped till the body he held was a skeleton, and still he twirled till it dropped away piecemeal, and yet again till it was but a stain of dust on his ragged sleeve. But before this his hair was white and his face wizened with age.

But on a day a knight in white armor came riding through the forest, leaning somewhat heavily on his saddle bow as he rode, and was aware of an old decrepit man that ran toward him, jigging and capering as if for gladness, yet caught him by the stirrup and looked up with rheumy tears in his eyes.

"In God's name, who art thou?" asked the knight. He, too, was past his youth, but his face shone with a marvelous, strange glory.

"I am young Sir Dinar, that was made a knight of the round table but five days before Pentecost, and I know thee. Thou are Sir Galahad, who shouldst win the Sancgrael. Therefore by Christ's power rid me of this enchantment."

"I have not won it yet," Sir Galahad answered, sighing. "Yet, poor comrade, I may do something for thee, though I cannot stay thy dancing."

So he stretched out his hand and touched Sir Dinar, and by his touch Sir Dinar became a withered leaf of the wood. And when mothers see him dancing before the wind they tell this story of him to their children.—A. T. Quiller-Couch.

MAN EATERS OF THE PACIFIC.

Sharks That Are the Dread of the California Fishermen.

The true man eater shark as taken on the Pacific coast is known only as a man eater. The shovel nosed sharks are sand sharks, too cowardly to attack even a yellow dog. The 34 foot shark captured by some fishermen of the true man eater variety (Carcharodon carcharias) seemed brave enough and savage enough to attack anything within its reach. This monster's mouth was wide, the teeth long and sharp, with an inward incline. The stomach would hold a full grown man easily and a good deal besides. The fish became entangled in a net off Point Lama. Two boats attacked the vicious creature and finally succeeded in punching an iron into its vitals. The side of one boat was staved in by a blow forcible enough to knock one fisherman overboard.

These sharks have been known to attack a small boat, upset it and eat the oarsman. A man eater over 42 feet long has been reported below San Diego. The natives are said to live in fear of this awful fish, which already has the record of having eaten six men. It has been shot frequently. The water about it has been discolored with blood. Yet the shark still lives. The tiger shark is as ferocious as the man eater. Another large shark hereabouts is the basking shark. It is taken measuring 15 to 40 feet in length. The skin of one 32 feet long is at Stanford University museum. This skin alone weighs over 1,500 pounds, while the shark's liver produced 180 gallons of oil. These sharks, however, are sluggish, lazy and do not bite people. Their gill rakers are on the whale model. When entangled in a net, they frequently suffocate, as the net restricts the gills.

California fishermen do not consider five foot sharks of much account when from San Diego wharves black sea bass are caught six to eight feet long weighing 300 to 500 pounds. Such fish are common. They are taken on shark hooks and clotheslines. When hooked, the fish is allowed to swim about the bay towing a two inch plank. When he is exhausted, the line is hauled in, and the fish killed with an ax.—New York Tribune.

THE HUMAN LEG.

Scientific Prediction That It Will Deteriorate Greatly In Future Generations.

Our Paris correspondent writes: A French caricaturist has been showing us what cyclists will come to in a few generations. The future "veloce man" is from the hips up like the definition of a line—length, without breadth. Below the belt he is swollen out with hard flesh and muscles, and the calves are monstrously big. Professor Yung of the Geneva university, on the other hand, believes that the time is coming when human beings will have no legs to speak of. What with cycling, the great end of civilization now seems to be to enable us to move about without using feet and legs. It is fast getting on to electrical hackney coaches and rudder balloons. The tendency is to throw all the muscular activity into the hands and arms. Professor Yung believes that the future human creature will have the merest survivals of nether limbs and arms of great length.

Teeth will probably be dwarfed also by the constant use of soft foods that need not be chewed, but as the march of intellect will increase in pace the brain will develop. Of course the standards of beauty with these anatomical changes will alter. When they do, a person with a set of teeth such as would now excite the admiration of a dentist would almost seem a beast of prey.—London News.

Chinese Teahouses.

The restaurant, or teahouse, in China takes the place of the western clubroom. All the current news and gossip are here circulated and discussed over their eating or gambling. One of their games of chance, which we have frequently noticed, seems to consist in throwing their fingers at one another and shouting at the top of their voices. It is really a matching of numbers, for which the Chinamen make signs on their fingers up to the numeral ten.

The Chinese of all nations seem to live in order to eat, and from this race of epicures has developed a nation of excellent cooks. Our fare in China, outside the Gobi district, was far better than in Turkey or Persia, and for this reason we are better able to endure the increased hardships. A plate of sliced meat stewed with vegetables and served with a piquant sauce, sliced radishes and onions, with vinegar, two loaves of Chinese mo-mo, or steamed bread, and a pot of tea would usually cost us about 3¼ cents apiece. Everything in China is sliced so that it can be eaten with the chopsticks. These we at length learned to manipulate with sufficient dexterity to pick up a dove's egg, the highest attainment in the chopstick art. The Chinese have rather a sour than a sweet tooth. Sugar is rarely used in anything, and never in tea. The steeped tea flowers, which the higher classes use, are really more tasty without it.—Century.

A Town With No Lawyers.

In the town of Oberweisenthal, in Saxony, disputes between the inhabitants are so rare that there is no room for a lawyer. A Leipsic merchant, who applied to the tribunal at Oberweisenthal for the address of a counsel, received the following reply, "We have the honor to inform you that there is no advocate here, but the barber, Fritz Biel, represents the interests of litigants in civil cases."

To tell mushrooms from toadstools, without eating and waiting for results, peel an onion and put it with the fungi while being cooked. If the onion remains white, eat with confidence; if it turns black, eat it not, if you value life.

Statistics prove that not less than 3,200 babies are born every day on United States soil.

LOST AND SPOILED MONEY.

The Bank of England Makes a Big Profit on Her Notes.

Bank notes of the value of thousands of pounds are annually lost or destroyed by accident. In the 40 years between 1792 and 1832 there were outstanding notes of the Bank of England, presumed to have been either lost or destroyed, amounting to £1,330,000 odd, every shilling of which was clear profit to the bank.

In many instances, however, it is possible to recover the amount of the note from the bank in full. Notice has to be given to the bank of the note supposed to be lost or stolen, together with a small fee and a full narrative as to how the loss occurred. The note is then "stopped"—that is, if the document should be presented for payment, the person "stopping" the note is informed when and to whom it is paid. If presented, after having been "stopped," by any suspicious looking person, and not through a banker, one of the detectives always in attendance at the bank would be called to question the person as to how and when the note came into his or her possession. It is quite a mistaken idea that "stopped payment" of a bank note has the effect supposed by very many people. It simply means that the Bank of England carefully keeps a lookout for the note which has been "stopped," and, though it cannot refuse to pay such note immediately on its being presented, a notification would at once be made to the person who stopped it, and the bank would give all the assistance in its power to enable the loser to recover the amount.

In the case of a bank note having been, say, burned by mistake, if the number is known and notice sent to the Bank of England it will pay the amount after an interval of five years from the date of lodging notice of destruction should no one have presented the note for payment in the meantime. The bank in such cases also insists on a guarantee being given by a banker or two householders that it shall be repaid in the event of the document turning up and being again tendered for payment. It is not at all an unusual circumstance for a mutilated note to be presented for payment, burned perhaps half through, with marks of burning on the fringes. Nor is the damage always accidental. The men who indulge in the luxury of lighting their pipes with a bank note are not always, as some may think, millionaires or recognized lunatics of society. The spoiled notes are more often than not presented by workmen or laborers, who confess without hesitation that they have intentionally lighted their pipes with them from mere braggadocio.—Ashton (England) Reporter.

An Anecdote of Perier.

Once during the schooldays of the president of the French republic his professor in geography asked him, "Perier, give us the exact position and indicate the latitude of the Gambier group." Casimir-Perier crossed his arms tightly upon his chest, looking very perplexed. One of his neighbors whispered to him the wrong answer, whereupon the professor gave him the exact position of this little group, which belongs to the more important French establishment of Tahiti, and after a short pause, and with a little point of irony, said: "You ought to know that, Perier, because it is thanks to your grandfather that France acquired the ascendancy in these parts of the world. It was through his efforts and entreaties that the dusky queen of these islands was induced to come to France, and the men of my generation still remember the comical songs which celebrated the event." Perier blushed considerably, but, holding his head still higher, answered the professor with his quick and peculiar diction, "I will most certainly go over this lesson again and try to be more proficient at the next lecture; but, so far as the deeds of my grandfather go, they are so numerous that I am not old enough yet to know them all."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Parisian Industry.

A Paris correspondent describes one of the oddest industries of that city to be found in a little shop in the Rue des Ecoles, which deals exclusively with the secondhand boots of the men who work in the sewers. These boots are furnished by the state and come half way up the thigh, and each man is allowed a new pair every six months. When new, they cost $9; when sold secondhand, they realize the modest sum of 50 cents, but as at least 6,000 pairs per annum are sent to the Rue des Ecoles it makes quite a booming industry. The leather of these boots is, so to speak, tanned by the alkaline and greasy water in which the sewer cleaners paddle, and they are eagerly sought for by the great Parisian bootmakers, for this leather, being at once tough and light, serves to sustain the curve of the Louis XV heel.

His Favorite Color.

Old Mr. Kerr-Muggeon, who agrees with George II in hating "poetry and painting," and who is never agreeable except when he is smoking, was engaged in this favorite amusement on his doorstep when Mrs. Gusscher passed.

"Oh, Mr. Kerr-Muggeon," she said, "I am glad to see you enjoying the beauties of nature!"

"Heh? What d'ye mean?" asked Mr. Kerr-Muggeon.

"Why, weren't you looking at the sunset?"

"The sunset! Well, no, not just exactly. But, now that you mention it, it does look fine, doesn't it? Looks a good deal like a meerschaum pipe just after it's begun to color!"—Youth's Companion.

An old Dutch legend says that Thomas a Becket cursed the Kentishmen of England, who spitefully cut off his horse's tail, and that the entire generation of Kent which followed wore tails like horses.

From a grain of sand barely visible to the naked eye 1,000 miles of quartz thread may be spun.

HUMAN WEATHER INDICATORS.

Effects of Atmospheric Changes on the Temperment of Men.

A writer in The American Journal of Psychology discusses the subject from the view of common experience and presents some facts that are interesting as well as leading in their directness. He says:

"The head of a factory employing 3,000 workmen said, 'We reckon that a disagreeable day yields about 10 per cent less work than a delightful day, and we have thus to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account. Accidents are more numerous in factories on bad days.

"A railroad man never proposes changes to his superior if the weather is not propitious. Fair days make men accessible and generous and open to consider new problems favorably. Some say that opinions reached in best weather states are safest to invest on."

Other facts are mentioned in the psychical and physiological relations, as: "Weather often affects logic, and many men's most syllogistic conclusions are varied by heat and cold. The knee jerk seems proved to have another factor. It is not strange if the eye, which wants the normal stimulus in long, dark weather, causes other changes."

Temperament is a fundamental factor in sensitiveness to atmospheric changes, that type of it called the mental being the more intensely affected, while the bilious type may exhibit by comparison the more capricious or morbid impressions, says The Phrenological Journal. The mental manifestations, as a rule, however, depend upon the organism primarily. If the culture is good—that is, the faculties have been trained to coördinate harmonious action, and the elements that contribute to serenity and self control have been well developed—weather conditions will but operate like other parts of the environment, and self training will show adaptation, self repression.

The "nervous," excitable, irascible person is he who has not learned to control feeling and expression, and it is he who finds fault with his surroundings and imputes uncanny conduct to them. That there are functional states of the body that predispose one to mental depression or exhilaration we are ready to admit. A torpid liver, a chronic catarrh, a rheumatic joint and even an old corn may render one susceptible to weather changes, the physical ailment producing a nerve reaction that is keenly felt at the spiral centers and may test the spirit. Mind, however, is superior to matter, or rather constituted for superiority. Fairly organized, carefully developed and trained, it will exhibit that superiority by its pose and calmness in circumstances that are disagreeable or painful to the physical sense.

WERE BOUND TO PLAY POKER.

Newspaper Men Out of Cash Put Up Their Brains For Stakes.

Poker has been played with everything from pea beans to a hundred dollar bill, but perhaps the most curious commodity that was ever passed about over the green cloth occurred the other night among a party of newspaper men.

Somebody suggested the evening hours would pass more quickly if all hands indulged in the national game. Every one was willing, but when an account of stock was taken it was discovered that there was only about $1.50 in the crowd, and every one objected to playing for "wind." After a little discussion some one had an idea, which he put in these words: "Let's appoint a committee of two as judges; then for an hour let us each sit down and write short stuff for the Sunday paper. Everything that the committee agrees upon as being good enough to be printed shall be accepted as cash and can be paid in as equivalent for a stack of chips."

This idea met with instant favor, and for an hour or more nothing could be heard in that room but silence. At the end of that time each one produced his quota of alleged interesting stories, and the committee to which it was submitted, reading it all with a lenient eye, passed nearly the whole lot.

Then the game began and furnished the curious spectacle of men opening jackpots for a quarter of a column and anteing with a "stick," with a fixed limit of a column, including the head.—New York Herald.

Ball Lightning.

The occurrence of what is known as ball lightning is so rare that every instance of it is of some interest. The London Lancet describes a narrow escape from death by this form of lightning, which was experienced by a distinguished surgeon of Louvain, who had gone to visit a patient in a neighboring town. He was overtaken by a thunderstorm, and what he described as a ball of fire descended upon and rendered him for some time unconscious.

On coming to himself he found that the cloth of the umbrella which he had been holding was completely burned off its steel framework, the metal being twisted into every shape. He attributes his safety to the circumstance that the umbrella had a wooden handle. Had it been of metal he must have been instantaneously killed.—Chambers' Journal.

Drawing It Fine.

Owner of Race Horse (looking closely at scales)—Jiffkins, you are a trifle over weight. Can't you lighten yourself a little?

Jiffkins (the jockey)—Got on my lightest suit, sir. Ain't ett a bite today and 'ave just trimmed my finger nails.

Owner—Well, go and get shaved.—London Quiver.

Sir John Lubbock is authority for the statement that a single bee, with all its industry, energy and innumerable journeys, will not collect more than a single teaspoonful of honey during a season.

Irish potatoes in a store, with a cellar under them, will stand a temperature of 10 degrees, and without a cellar a zero temperature will not hurt them.